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# MERCURY

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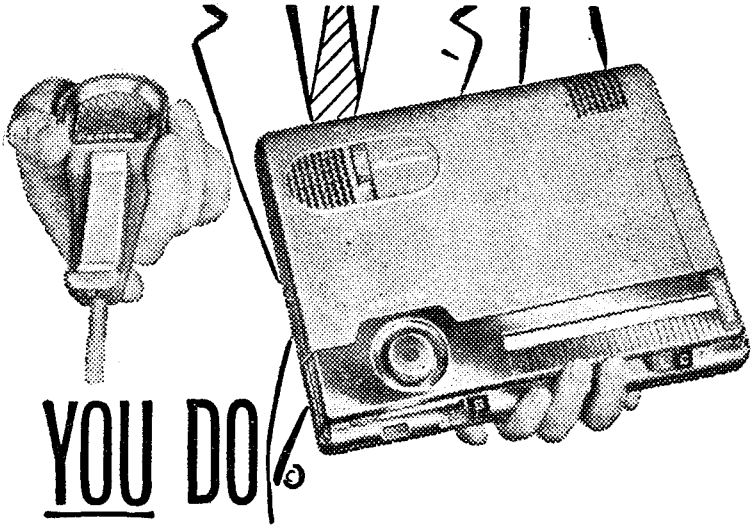

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# America, I-Love-You

*By* RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FROM the deck of the Army transport, we watched the low flat shore of Louisiana sinking into the Gulf. We stood as millions of other American soldiers had stood at landfall, feeling homesick and forlorn. And suddenly, in that small moment of farewell, we knew that we loved America very dearly — for reasons great or trivial, for the hallowed faith of this Republic, for that small spot of landscape which had nourished the roots.

No one said it, no one could say it, but America-I-love-you was on every face. The simple love of one's home soil, of the contour of the land or the houses of the cities, of the hard or tender speech which gave voice to our traditions — these were not things to be discussed. "Patriotism" belonged to those who had given us the send-off at the staging area, to the tub thumpers and the orators. There were rumors of Nazi submarines, and we could be studiously matter-of-fact about them.

It was a moment of great clarity — a moment in which the sudden despairs and infinite longings of our brief tenure took on meaning. It shared, but transcended, the quality of those other moments when we stood rigid at Present Arms, touched by the sunset light, as the bugle parsed the brief music of Retreat and the flag slowly descended in the Army's most moving ritual.

But it was more than a moment of emotion which had broken through unabashed. The years of absence from our household gods were not so sterile as we had supposed. In the great surge of war, we had learned much about America — and even more about ourselves. In time, combat troops and the rear-echelon boys came back hugging their secret — and in time they packed it away in moth balls, along with their old uniforms.

We came back to find the old attitudes and the old ways lying in ambush for us. After a small struggle, many of us succumbed. I am not speaking from the vantage point of hindsight. In a notebook, I recently came across words written in those early postwar years: "The tragic fact, the shocking and ironic fact, is that there are no Americans left. Or, to be quite fair about it, only a small number, holding out against odds — the Vanishing Americans of



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this epoch. The rest are trampling out a vintage of hate or crankiness."

These were bitter words for 1946. The dismal day when a Presidential candidate could approvingly quote Dr. Johnson's sour epigram about patriotism and scoundrels had not yet come upon us. Nor had we reached that terrifying era in which former First Ladies and Supreme Court justices could trumpet to Europe that fear and fascism were astride this nation. Our leaders still had the decency to keep their dishonor a privy matter, nor did they play for laughs among Europe's intellectuals by taking pratfalls for Edward R. Murrow.

NEVERTHELESS, those words were not the bilious plaint of a veteran elbowing his way into the posture of commerce. The shock was very real. I felt then, as I do now, that being an American is a state of faith and a state of mind; that many of our people are less American than the refugee boy I knew whose accent was the butt of the barracks; that the Iowa farm boy who taught me how to roll a pack had more of an inner sense of his function in the American scheme than half a dozen J. Robert Oppenheimers; that to betray, in no matter what form, the soil and the tradition which it is man's nature to honor is an obscenity.

Looking back, it is easy to see that we were confronted by a nation which had accepted the heritage of the twenties and the thirties. The optimistic materialism of Boom and the pessimistic materialism of Bust had created a new state of mind and given a new coloration to the state of thought in this country. The writers of the post-World War I "disillusion" had said, "Throw away the old, let's not be hypocrites."

They did not understand that hypocrisy is in itself the tribute of the insincere to the sincere, that it is a wry-mouthed affirmation of traditional values, and that it therefore serves a social good. They only understood that all noble sentiment was foolish, that the Constitution was a declaration of selfish interest, and that economic "law" had supplanted the First Commandment. In this atmosphere, the medicine men had sapped the moral fiber of America with a brew of sneers at such old-fashioned nonsense as "*My* country, right or wrong" — and eventually tongue-twisted it into a belief that my country was always wrong.

On the one hand, this had produced a whole jabberwock of alien ideologies and movements — the Bund, the Christian Front, the Communist Party, and their splinter groups of reaction and revolution. On the other, it had created a limbo of distrust which alienated the Vanished Americans from all things truly and traditionally American. No longer did the lilacs in the dooryard bloom, and the hills of home were more suspect than Mother Machree.

Even during the war, the alien-

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ated intellectuals could not pray for an American triumph. Their hopes were for a United Nations victory, a semantic difference which found its expression at Yalta when Franklin Delano Roosevelt — taking time out from toasts to the murder of 50,000 German officers — sacrificed his country's interests on the altar of Big Three "unity."

And in the postwar years? The poor, benighted soldiers returned to find that the great moment had been tossed into a folder marked, "Defile and Forget." At every hand, there were former Americans ready to believe the worst of their country, to swallow, without straining, the most fantastic libels, to accept the fantastic explanations and vituperations of the anti-American coalition forming across the seas. And the concomitant rejection of those few allies remaining to us, in favor of our enemies and false friends, seemed — and was — a symptom of the illness which ran epidemic in our streets. Both here and abroad, men were vilified as reactionaries, or worse, who realized that the last, best hope of earth was the projection of the American mystique.

And what has happened to the echo of the sunset gun? In the years since the war, I have crossed and recrossed the American continent, moved always by its magnitude and magnificence. I have seen the great plains and the pushing cities, the energy and purpose and goodness, the great wealth which is accepted but never truly worshipped.

It is all there for Americans to see — but most of the Americans have vanished. Their heirs and assigns tell us that it is all foul or tarnished or unreal. The look of wonder which says America-I-love-you is even more unfashionable today than it was nine years ago. The nation's honor is a commodity of politics, not an article of faith. Treason is a commonplace — the unheroic treason of termites — and apathy is its handmaiden. No one asks for proof in the night that the flag is still there.

No one, perhaps, but the Vanishing Americans, the last patriots. They are the men who believe that America's freedom is invested in the whole Constitution, not merely the Fifth Amendment. They draw their philosophy from Burke, not Locke. They stake their lives on the hope of Heaven, not the security of Marx. They find the beauty of America in a vision of its determination, not in the squalor of its compromises. They are not afraid of America's power, though they live among cowering men.

They are vanishing, but not vanquished. They remember that on a bitter day, one American knelt in the snow and, out of the strength of his faith, asked God for guidance. And they know, out of the strength of their own faith, that if one American remains, the hand of God can yet descend to stay the course of history.

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# Jack o' the Lantern

## AN IRISH LEGEND

BY JOY M. COLLINS

ANY good dictionary will tell you that Jack o' the Lantern is an *ignis fatuus* (foolish fire), and go on to explain this as being a flame-like meteor, probably due to the spontaneous combustion of inflammable gas floating above the ground in marshes. That's as may be, but it isn't so in Ireland and here's why.

Once upon a time there lived a man named Jack, renowned for nothing but a morose and churlish disposition. There were three things which Jack prized: the elbow chair in which he took his ease of an evening, the box in which he kept his cobbler's tools, and the sycamore tree which spread its branches before his door. Legend doesn't recount whether he loved his wife at all but a wife he had, sure enough, and she was a decent, sociable woman. Little wonder that with such a churlish spouse she would often entertain a gossip when Jack would be away. This was a source of great annoyance to Jack, who had caught them unawares a time or two and found the gossip sitting in his elbow chair.

As if this weren't enough, Jack's wife would sometimes lend his awl to a neighbor and, as bad luck would have it, he found this out on one or two occasions and nothing would do him except to say the tool had suffered some damage by the lending. Furthermore, 'tis said that passersby were fond of plucking a bough from Jack's sycamore tree and this angered him mightily.

Well, it so happened that one night when he was returning home late after a fair, Jack came upon an old man lying by the side of the road, and, strangely, pity moved Jack to befriend the poor man in his misery. He set him up on the mare before him and took him away home with him. Every comfort was the stranger's that night — a good fire, a fine meal and a warm bed.

Picture then to yourself Jack's surprise when he woke in the morning to find not an old man but an angel, brighter than the dawn of day, by his bedside.

Dumbstruck, Jack heard this spirit say that word of his disregard of the sacred virtue of hospitality had reached heaven itself, whence the angel had come, disguised as an old man, to test the truth of such a



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terrible accusation. His own experience had proved contrary to all he had heard, and it was his wish to reward Jack by leaving a blessing with his house and granting him any three wishes it would please him to name.

Jack looked about him for inspiration and then said he: "My first wish is that anyone sitting in my elbow chair may not be able to leave it without my consent. My second is that anyone putting his hand into my box of tools may not be able to withdraw it without my consent. My third wish is that anyone putting a hand to my sycamore tree with intent to break a bough from it may be left clinging to the tree during my pleasure. My wishes are ended."

The angel granted the boon with a great sigh, be it said, and from that moment Jack was excluded from all hope of heaven because he neglected to secure the vast gift of eternal happiness in exchange for a momentary wish.

The angel's blessing being with the house, Jack's store prospered well for many a year, but when the time was come, a strange apparition came in on his door one winter evening — a figure with horns, tail and cloven feet. He addressed himself to Jack at once.

"Jack," said he, "the number of your days on earth has been reckoned and found to be full. Your exclusion from heaven is a thing long since decided and I have been sent to accompany you to my master's kingdom. I'll thank you to make no delay, for I find the climate of your world disagrees with a constitution accustomed to a warmer temperature."

When Jack heard these awful tidings, he hid every symptom of alarm and, jumping to his feet, said he, "If it's cold your honor is, I have something that'll soon warm you. Let you sit down here in this fine chair for a sup of poteen."

"I'VE HEARD it is a fiery drink well suited to my tastes," says the stranger, seating himself in the elbow chair. "Well done," says Jack to himself and taking a flail in his hand, he proceeded to belabor the messenger of Satan with blows that were calculated to break every bone in his body. In vain did the captive try to leave the elbow chair and in vain did he cry for mercy.

"Now," says Jack, "if you're warm enough to make the journey, I'll give you my permission but you'll have to promise you'll not come to me on a similar errand again."

The miserable being made no delay about giving his solemn oath.

Satan has more than one to do his errands and the following night a second messenger raised the latch on Jack's door. Jack jumped up and offered him the same hospitality that had been the downfall of his previous visitor. But this one had been forewarned and he made the excuse that his tail, with which he

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had been wont to stir the coals of hell, had suffered most from the rigors of the Irish climate and, by asking if he might warm it a while in Jack's fire, he avoided the fateful chair. In no wise daunted, Jack sat down again himself and removing his brogue requested the demon to stretch his hand to the tool box where he'd find a hammer, for, says Jack, "There's a nail sticking up in this shoe that'd make it hard going on the road to hell."

The unwary one did as had been asked and soon found himself in no less painful a predicament than his colleague of the night before.

IT IS SAID that his sable majesty was much surprised at his messengers' tales of woe, but like a skillful general, he wasted no further time but set forth in person and arrived at Jack's door in the early morning. Being no fool, he did not rush in where it had been made plain to him that fallen angels should fear to tread. He made a mighty knocking on the door and in a voice of thunder called upon Jack.

The miserable mortal opened the door and the formidable appearance of his present summoner came near to proving too much for even his wily heart. "Your Lordship," said he in an abject manner, "would not have me hurry away without so much as a parting kiss from my wife?"

"The sudden development of this affection for your wife comes late," says Satan, grabbing him by the back of the neck and shoving him out before him. Jack hobbled a few steps and then said he, "If you'll not let me go back to fetch my cane, I won't get far on these icy roads without speedily breaking my bones, and if there are no carriers on the road to hell, your Lordship will look well fetching my carcass on your princely shoulders. Oh, that I had even a bough from that sycamore tree there to help me on my way!"

Satan, being anxious to hasten back to his own domain, laid hold of a bough of the tree, only to find he could neither break it nor let it go.

With a great shout of joy, Jack returned to fetch his three best flails and before the day was out he had labored long and hard to break them one by one. At last, he accepted the miserable fiend's promise never to seek him on earth nor ever to permit his entry into hell.

The story is nearly ended. It remains but to say that Jack's mortal body had at last to seek the clay, thus leaving his soul to find another place of residence and, since it had been precluded from entering heaven and would not be had in hell, it was decreed that it walk the earth with a lantern to light it on its nightly way until the day of final judgment.

Such, then, is the legend of Jack o' the Lantern, whose nocturnal journeying will last as long as there is a bog in Ireland.

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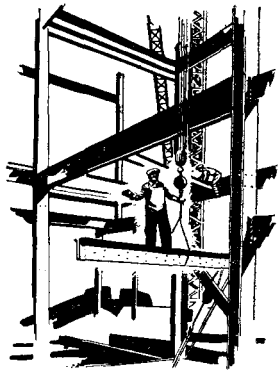
# QUIET PLEASE!

*By George W. Groh*

**Noise blights our cities; adds billions to business costs, and keeps countless citizens awake at night. It's a tough problem, but it can be solved.**



IN HOBOKEN, N. J., some years ago, a policeman tried to untangle a tough traffic snarl while motorists registered impatience with the beep-beep-beep of blaring horns. The policeman put up with it for half an hour. Then he mounted the bumper of the nearest stalled car, waved his arms in the grand manner of the music maestro, and began to conduct a "symphony" of honking horns.

Abashed motorists got the point — horn honking didn't contribute much to moving the cars.

The policeman's protest provides a quixotic side glance at what is otherwise a pretty serious national problem. It's the problem of how to control and cope with the steadily rising clamor of our mechanized civilization.

City officials have shown increasing concern with this problem in recent years, and well they may. Noise ranks now with smog and congestion as one of the chief drawbacks to urban life. An index to the size and degree of this general irritation can be found in the fact that police received 288,595 noise complaints last year in New York City alone.

Leaders of business and industry are concerned, too. In the last ten years, the din of forge and factory has caused compensation claims for deafness amounting to some two billion dollars. The indirect loss may be higher still. Some experts estimate that noise costs business firms about four million dollars a day in over-all loss of efficiency.

There's a still larger loss which can never be measured in dollars and cents. It's the loss suffered by mil-



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lions of citizens in jangled nerves and sleepless nights.

Noise is one of the cheapest, most all-prevailing forms of energy known to man. Acoustic experts at the Armour Research Foundation in Chicago once illustrated this by calculating the energy expended by four million people all talking at once. If the sound energy of this king-sized conversation could be collected for two hours, and translated into heat, it would be just sufficient to boil one cup of water.

It follows that this cheap, easily produced form of energy is hard to suppress. The problem becomes immensely more difficult when you consider that man's own noise-making capacity is multiplied a hundredfold by the rattle and roar of man's machines. Despite the difficulties, however, noise control is not an impossible task.

One of the nation's best examples of city-wide noise control occurs in Memphis, Tenn. It's a bustling city of nearly half a million, yet traffic there moves quietly. In Memphis, you don't use the horn if the brakes will do. The city is so conscious of the advantage of quiet that horses are shod with rubber shoes.

The Memphis story goes back 15 years ago to a day when six loudspeaker trucks converged on an intersection and began to outdo one another in blaring out commercial wares. The unlovely din fell on the ears of Ralph Millett, editor of the *Press-Scimitar*, who returned to his office and wrote a blistering editorial against the public nuisance of unnecessary noise. That touched off a newspaper campaign and led eventually to one of the most sweeping noise control ordinances ever adopted by an American city. It spelled out regulations against all sorts of racket — firecrackers, factory whistles, off-hours construction, blaring radios and barking dogs — and placed particular emphasis on traffic noise. Motorists were required to pass muffler inspection twice a year, and horn blowing was strictly forbidden except in case of actual emergency.

Memphis citizens did not greet the new ordinance with immediate acclaim. The campaign was unpopular at least with the 500 motorists who were arrested and fined in the first 90 days. "The law requires us to have a horn," the common complaint ran, "and then forbids us to use it." In time, the citizens began to take a different view. Traffic moved as briskly as before, the accident rate went down instead of up, and citizens found they were enjoying the new-found air of peace and quiet.

The Memphis story has been repeated with variations in other communities large and small. The National Noise Abatement Council, a nonprofit organization, sponsors an annual civic contest in noise control, and lists some 30 cities as active participants.

The council campaign stresses

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noise control through the three "E's" of engineering, education and enforcement. Engineering may be as simple as improved traffic light control at a busy intersection, or it may be as costly as planting wide strips of trees and shrubbery to muffle the roar of passing trains. Education is less costly, usually, but it requires a lot of hard and continuous effort.

MOST CITIES find education campaigns must be backed up with strict enforcement of noise control laws. The nation's strictest enforcement and stiffest penalties can be found currently in Dearborn, Mich. If you disturb the quiet there, it can cost you 90 days in jail, or a $500 fine, or both.

Currently an enforcement campaign is being pushed also in New York City, where a new ordinance aimed at "horn maniacs" ups the old two-dollar fine to five dollars, and allows a fine of up to twenty-five dollars for repeat offenders.

Experience in other great metropolitan centers indicates that noise control can be effective in even the largest cities. The best example is Paris, France. Skeptics said the order could not be enforced, not in Paris anyway, but experience proved otherwise. As to the effect on traffic, Paris had 2,607 auto accidents in September 1953, before the horn hushing order went into effect. Traffic has increased since then, and yet the accident rate for September 1954 had dropped to 1,712.

The public campaigns have been paralleled by the efforts of private industry to dampen the decibels of commercial traffic. For instance, research is seeking a muffler which will cut down the roar of heavy-duty trucks.

The aviation industry is concerned, too. "You can't tiptoe in and out of a city with a Constellation," as one pilot put it, but you can reduce the racket by routing airport approach patterns over the least congested areas.

Industry is concerned also with the noise in its own shop. One reason can be found in that two-billion-dollar pile of compensation claims for deafness. Another reason, perhaps more compelling, lies in the fact that noise can be a distracting influence for men at work. That was proved scientifically at Columbia University, where medical researchers found that noise sends pulse and blood pressure soaring. Another study, by Colgate University, showed that the average office worker wastes about one-fifth of his energy just fighting noise.

The ever-growing awareness of the problem of noise together with better and better soundproofing methods makes it seem likely that, in the not too far distant future, soundproofing will be as common as air-conditioning is today.

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# Doings of a Democracy

BY HAROLD HELFER

✓ The trustees and deacons of a Dallas church went to court and obtained an order restraining the pastor from having anything more to do with the church. The complaint was that he had "driven out of the church the old saintly members — and more particularly, the paying members."

✓ A strip teaser requested the Weather Bureau to name the next hurricane after her, but, "after due consideration," the Bureau decided to turn it down.

✓ The U.S. Army has issued a new form for notifying higher headquarters of an atomic, biological or gas attack. While the form is going through channels, however, the Army "suggested" it might be a good idea to send headquarters a "flash report" first.

✓ A candidate for the town constabulary of Eureka, Montana, went on a campaign tour of several bars, concluded he was as good as elected, proceeded to jail three citizens and finally was tossed in jail himself for disturbing the peace.

✓ President Eisenhower still hasn't forgotten his Army days. In the closing passages of his speech at the Jewish Tercentenary dinner, he had prepared a laudatory reference to the Biblical prophet, Isaiah. When the President spoke, however, it became: "Private Isaiah."

✓ Comedian Bob Hope, a big stockholder of the Cleveland ball club, took quite a riding after the Cleveland Indians folded up so ignobly in the World Series. When someone yelled to him, "Why don't you sell out?" Hope yelled back smugly, "Communist!"

✓ It costs $30 to go crazy in Glynn County, Georgia. Concerned by the drain on county funds from an increasing number of insanity cases, the county commission set the fee.

✓ A Montfort, Wisconsin, woman was seized for throwing eggs at a tax man who placed a tax assessment on her property which she considered too high.



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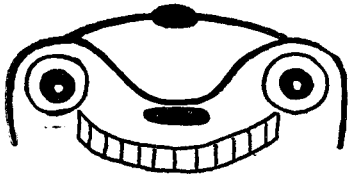

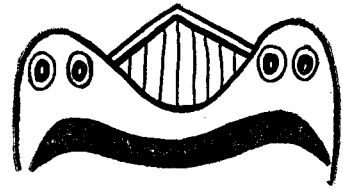

# Personality in Fenders

BY PAUL THURSTON

THE automobile industry has a new phrase. At least three American car manufacturers are now stressing it, along with countless foreign manufacturers who actually used it first. And with the new phrase, a new concept and class of motoring — *the personal car.*

Instead of promoting the idea of two "regular" cars for every family, the importance of making the second car a personal car is now emphasized.

The idea is to own a car that is as personal as your monogrammed pajamas. A personal car generally takes the form of a sports car, although nothing could be more personal than a Rolls Royce.

But generally speaking, the personal car does follow the sports car idea. For certain unexplained reasons, sports cars as a class had, at one time, a certain dubious reputation among nonbelievers. Those outside the fold were apt to think that sports cars were just things people raced up and down mountains. But since the war, the European sports cars have steadily come into their own, so much so that three American manufacturers are now in full production on their own personal sports car models for American consumption.

It has become decidedly chic to own a sports or personal car, whether you have a Cadillac in the other side of the garage or not. Jaguar and MG have become common names in the American vocabulary. Thunderbird, Corvette and Kaiser-Darrin are on their way. Just what has happened to make the average American stop looking down his nose at the smaller, sleeker cars we now see up and down the highways from California to New York?

It all started a good many years ago when American tourists first took note of the smaller European cars which offered such running economy and boasted such highly styled lines at a time when most U.S. cars looked like boxes on wheels. Some travelers brought a car back with them, to the great



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amusement of their friends and neighbors. But through the years, foreign cars gained prestige as they gained in numbers, and the neighbors' amusement turned to envy.

European cars have had to meet certain standards in order to sell even in Europe. They had to have power to climb any terrain from the Lowlands to the Alps. They had to be extremely economical to operate in lands where gas costs sixty cents or more per gallon. They had to be designed to give excellent service, and they had to be styled to the teeth, as each nation pitted its best designers against the others. It was only natural for the European car to develop into a fine mechanism. It was also just as natural, because of a lower standard of living and purchasing power, that the car not be equipped with every optional extra in the book, as most U.S. autos are.

The personal car usually doesn't have much passenger space, and is thus ruled out as a general family-with-children car. There are some exceptions to this seating characteristic. Also, the American-made personal car may have a few more items in the luxury class.

IT IS almost impossible to drive down the highway these days without seeing more than one of these personal cars. More and more people seem to be discovering that it's fun to drive a personal car because they feel closer to the whole operation of driving. Is this a minor revolution against larger cars that have housed us in large glass and steel bodies far removed from the road? It might well be.

Just look at the number of new sports or personal cars that have been introduced to the American market in the past eighteen months. Ford has introduced the Thunderbird; Standard Motors, Ltd. has bowed into the field with the new Triumph; Chevrolet has the Corvette; Swallow Coachbuilding, the new Doratti; Kaiser, the Kaiser-Darrin; Austin, the Austin Healey, and there are others, too. Names such as Volkswagon, Simca, Panhard, Bristol, Daimler, Hillman Minx, Singer, Ferrari, Siata, Mercedes-Benz, etc. are destined to become as familiar as Pontiac, Olds and Nash.

How big is the market?

Not too big at the moment, which is one of the reasons for its steady expansion. Published registrations for the first ten months of 1954 show that imported car sales amounted to 20,408 vehicles, a mere drop in the bucket compared to our domestic sales.

You are still the exception if you own a foreign or domestic personal car, and you will probably be regarded by your friends as having a healthy total stamped in your bank book. But there is a car for almost every pocketbook — one that will reflect your scheme of living, monogrammed pajamas or no.

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# Nellie Revell:

## PRESS AGENT EXTRAORDINARY

*By Irene Corbally Kuhn*

THE WOMAN said simply, "I'm fine now. All I want is a job." There's nothing extraordinary about that. People are always getting jobs, losing them, quitting them, getting new ones.

What makes this different is that the woman is Nellie Revell. She's 82 years of age now, half-blind, and laced and strapped into an orthopedic brace-corset so that she is not what you would call nimble and couldn't exactly qualify as a mambo teacher. But she's as salty as a pretzel, as cheerful as a sunbeam. Her face is virtually unlined, her hair still brown and only lightly streaked with gray, her laugh as gay as a girl's, her wit still keen, and her spirit indomitable, as always.

Thirty-five years ago Nellie Revell was probably the best-known woman in the United States. She was a famous newspaper reporter, a circus press agent, and an "advance woman" for Broadway shows. She kept eight theaters in the gears of publicity, exploited 2,000 vaudeville acts every season, and supplied stories to 1,500 newspapers around the country. She was on a first-name basis with Senators and Congressmen, with baseball stars and fighters and all the headliners of the day. Lillian Russell was a bosom pal. So were Fritz Scheff and most all the theatrical beauties of the day. Billy Rose, an ambitious young songwriter getting ready to conquer Broadway, was Nellie's friend. So were the Shuberts who had already conquered Broadway, long since, and Uncle Dan Frohman and David Belasco and all the rest. She was photographed with Presi-



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dents and statesmen; and James Montgomery Flagg sketched her lively features and cheerful grin under her mop of dark hair for full-page newspaper feature stories.

SHE WAS 47 years old in 1919, at the height of her career, when she was suddenly stricken with a spinal disease. She lay flat on her back in the hospital, encased from hip to neck in a plaster cast weighing 50 pounds, and for four years they kept telling her that she'd never recover. She did. They told her she'd never walk again. She graduated from bed to crutches, to cane, and confounded them. She beat the rap and came back to Broadway and all her manifold activities bigger and better than ever. All the while she'd been in the hospital, she'd supported herself by writing a syndicated column, a weekly column for *Variety*, and doing a book, *Right Off My Chest.*

Back on her Broadway beat, the exclusive, all-male Friars Club — the world-famous organization of top names in show business — honored her with a dinner. George M. Cohan, the Friar Abbot, said that "this dinner to Nellie Revell will be the first the Friars has ever tendered to a woman. Your Board of Governors takes pride in this departure."

On Broadway, this was like getting the Distinguished Service Cross. In the long history of the Friars they have singled out only three women for this honor, Nellie Revell, Sophie Tucker and Judy Garland.

After her almost miraculous recovery, things went along pretty well for quite a while. Nellie conducted a weekly radio program, "Neighbor Nell," and wrote some other books and continued her column. She never talked about the personal tragedies in her life, the loss of brothers, sisters, husband and the youngest of her two daughters. She just kept on. "Yesterday is yesterday to me," Nellie always says. "I'm only interested in what's coming up. Today is a new day, another chance." That was the way she used to open her radio program — "Good morning, this is Neighbor Nell — well, it's another day, another chance."

Half-way through her sixties, and going strong in her new radio career, Nellie began to have eye trouble. Doctors told her cataracts were forming and she'd have to quit her shows to save her eyes. Reading and writing scripts might be too much.

Nellie wouldn't quit. She bought a typewriter with a special keyboard with king-size letters, three times the usual type size. And she kept on writing her columns and her scripts on it. At the end of the run, she was using a powerful magnifying glass to read even these gargantuan letters, and not until she couldn't see at all did she quit.

"But it's only temporary," she said as she settled down into a twilight of waiting until the cataracts could be removed. "I'll be back." She was 70 then.

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IT'S ONLY BEEN a few years now since Nellie fought back from all the complications that beset her eyes, the many operations, the infections, the things-that-went-wrong. One year alone was devoted to recovering from a heart attack, getting back enough strength to go in for another eye operation. Then she had to wait for one eye to heal before the surgeon could work on the other.

"I can't afford to run out of eyes," she said.

Nellie wears her independence the way Diamond Jim Brady wore his sparklers. She lives alone in the Flanders Hotel on West 47th Street in New York, only a shrill traffic whistle from Broadway. Nellie's always lived the way all show folks and vaudevillians used to live — out of a trunk in a theatrical hotel. Nellie's home is where her heart is, right off Times Square. The Broadway pigeons come flying over to bill and coo on Nellie's windowsill. Most of them are the descendants of the gay old birds of Nellie's youth. The sports writers and old-time show folk who were kids when Nellie was at the top come around to gossip and catch courage from her when things go wrong.

"Life is a big punching bag, kids," Nellie says. "You have to stand in front of it and keep punching. If you step off the mat once, you're gone."

It would never occur to Nellie to stop punching. She's 82, but in her invincible spirit she's still the same courageous woman who went to the fights in Madison Square Garden when the doctors sawed her out of her plaster cast prison 30 years ago. The entire press corps, to a man, got on its feet in tribute to her. Old Joe Humphreys, the boxing announcer, yelled to the Garden mob through his microphone, "Thank God, there's *one* good fighter in the house tonight."

Once I ha' laughed at the power of
Love and twice at the grip of the
Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on
the head that men might call me
brave.

— RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–1936)
*Tomlinson*

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# *Byron's* ISLAND REFUGE

BY MARC T. GREENE

On a small island not far from Venice, sufficiently removed to permit the calm repose of solitude, is one of the most interesting monasteries in Europe, that of the Mechitarist Fathers, San Lazzaro. An Armenian Catholic establishment, it provides preparatory training for the priesthood for youths who complete their studies in Rome. But it is chiefly notable for the fact that here the poet Byron studied during his residence in Venice. Here he learned to speak Greek before going to Greece to participate in the revolution against the Turks.

You are shown the study where Byron worked, the tree in the sea-bordered garden where he sat. There is a large portrait of the young poet in the midst of bearded Fathers, who do not seem to have held against him the somewhat "irregular" manner of his life in Venice. "Byron's tempestuous mind," one contemporary wrote, "is soothed under the olive trees of San Lazzaro."

But Byron is not the only poet whose name is associated with the lovely island. Longfellow visited there on his Italian tour in 1874, and gave the Fathers an autographed poem he had written for them. There is also among the monastery's treasures an autographed letter from Robert Browning, a frequent visitor when he and Elizabeth Barrett were living in Venice.

The island lies not more than half a mile off the famous Lido where American millionaires and exiled princes disport themselves in summer. But this half-mile separates the world worldly from the world spiritual with one stroke.

The green of San Lazzaro's pines and cypresses is also in striking contrast to grassless and treeless Venice. Around the buildings of the monastery are gardens, walks and little nooks that invite you to rest and tranquility. Men who are part of history have accepted the invitation through more than three centuries, finding here, almost within a stone's throw of the things that are most blatantly of this world, that peace the world cannot give.



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# Hutchins, Hysteria and Humbug

By J. B. MATTHEWS

THE FUND for the Republic has labored and brought forth its first mouse. A 278-page book by Harvard Professor Samuel A. Stouffer interprets — or presumes to interpret — the result of its labor. The volume's title is *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties*, a subject which may be viewed with amused suspicion whenever discussed under the auspices — and with the well-known slant — of this propaganda apparatus sustained by Ford motor car millions and presided over by Robert Maynard Hutchins.

The Fund spent $125,000 of its money to keep the American public misinformed about all three subjects — Communism, conformity and civil liberties. On the other hand, those who can read between the lines will find in Professor Stouffer's book invaluable data on the Fund for the Republic, and its techniques, prejudices and objectives; provided, of course, they ignore the Harvard sociologist's interpretations.

The project of exploring a cross-section of the nation's mind on Communism, conformity and civil liberties was begun under the Fund's first president, the Hon. Clifford P. Case.

Case, now United States Senator by the slim grace of New Jersey's electorate, appointed a special committee to review the problems and develop the questionnaire upon which the alleged exploration of the

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nation's mind was based. If any of the seven men knows anything important about Communism and its techniques, it is not of record.

Among those who "contributed memoranda and criticism" for Professor Stouffer to use in the analysis of his data were persons whose combined knowledge of the true nature of the Communist conspiracy appears to be negligible for the purposes of any useful study. These advisors included Professors Gordon W. Allport and M. Brewster Smith of Harvard, both of whom, according to public records, have been affiliated with very important units of the Communist-front apparatus.

Professor Gordon W. Allport has been advertised as a supporter of one kind or another of four organizations which have been cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General of the United States. Other Communist fronts with which Professor Allport has been affiliated bring his total to at least twelve. Having been affiliated with at least 12 Communist-front organizations, it is likely that Professor Allport would rate a high degree of tolerance toward those who have supported the Communist conspiracy, the kind of tolerance which is blessed in the sight of Hutchins and his Fund.

Professor M. Brewster Smith, also an advisor to Professor Stouffer, has been publicly identified with two of the most blatantly Communist organizations of the present time, both of which have been listed as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General.

In psychiatry, extensive use has been made of so-called projective tests which are based upon the theory that individuals tend to project their own unconscious attitudes into ambiguous situations. The most widely used of these is that devised by the Swiss psychiatrist, Hermann Rorschach, who employed ten standardized inkblots to be placed before his patients who would then tell him what they saw. The answers to the Fund for the Republic's questionnaire are so many Rorschach inkblots; and Professors Stouffer, Allport, Smith, and the others tell us what they see, projecting their own unconscious attitudes into the ambiguity of the answers.

What did those who framed the questions expect? They asked meaningless questions; they got meaningless answers.

Professor Stouffer *et al* went looking for answers to the questions, how much hysteria on the subject of Communism is sweeping the land? how much anxiety neurosis afflicts the people? and what degree of tolerance characterizes the attitudes of Americans? Such were their major objectives.

The following question was asked: "Consider a man whose loyalty has been questioned before a Congressional committee, but who swears

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under oath he has never been a Communist. Should he be allowed to make a speech in your community, or not?"

Then came the following proposition and question:

"Suppose an admitted Communist wants to make a speech in your community. Should he be allowed to speak, or not?"

The guinea pigs who answered that they *should be allowed to speak* were rated tolerant.

What does "allowed to speak" mean? And what does "tolerant" mean? There's the rub!

"Allowed to speak" may mean any one of the following:

(1) Not prevented by the physical force of illegal vigilante action;

(2) Not prohibited by federal or state statute;

(3) Not prohibited by local ordinance;

(4) Permitted to obstruct traffic at a place where traffic is heavy;

(5) Invited to address a local civic organization;

(6) Allowed to rent an auditorium, regardless of the owner's constitutional right of contract;

(7) Given community facilities, such as school auditoriums; and

(8) Paid to come into the community, with all facilities provided free of charge, including a platform and a microphone.

What did the questions mean? What do the answers mean?

Who can read meaning into the inkblots?

IT HAS often happened that the owner of an auditorium, exercising the civil liberties implicit in the rights of property and contract, has declined to rent it to a Communist. Is the owner of the hall thereby guilty of intolerance? To many muddle-headed people who call themselves liberals, he is! Whose civil liberties are at issue: the Communist's or the owner's?

Is it intolerant to refuse to rent facilities to a dope peddler? Or to one suspected of dope peddling? Whatever Harvard professors may think, the vast majority of Americans probably believe that hawking subversion is as bad as pushing marihuana.

If the phrase, "allowed to speak," is as ambiguous as a Rorschach inkblot, the word "tolerance," as used by those who have interpreted the answers given to the questions asked by the interviewers, is far from ambiguous.

Before suggesting what the word "tolerance" means to Professor Stouffer and his assistants, it is of the utmost importance to note that these Harvard academicians define a Communist as a non-conformist — putting him on the same footing as other non-conformists such as atheists and advocates of government ownership. By this classification of Communists as mere non-conformists, Professor Stouffer shuts his eyes to what is going on in the world and, without knowing it, adopts one of the most important items of Com-

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munist propaganda. The Communists would like to be considered non-conformists. Insofar as they are able to convince the opinion makers of this land that they are only one among many groups of non-conformists, their conspiracy to destroy the free institutions of America is well on the road to success.

To ignore the element of conspiracy in the Communist movement of 1955 is to court national disaster. It is the element which differentiates Communists from real non-conformists such as atheists, vegetarians, pacifists, and advocates of free trade. The fact that Professor Stouffer ignores the all-pervading element of conspiracy in the present-day Communist movement invalidates many of his conclusions. This blindness, if blindness it be, reduces much of this project of the Fund for the Republic to humbug. Americans who have not gone beyond grammar school may be poorly informed about many aspects of the Communist movement, but their common sense, unspoiled by Harvard sophistication, tells them that Communists are conspiring to destroy America, and they want none of it regardless of any Harvard professor who calls them intolerant.

WHAT, then, do Professor Stouffer and his cohorts in the Fund for the Republic mean by the word "tolerance"? Quite clearly, anybody who refuses to interfere in any way with the operations of the Communist conspiracy is set down in the tabulations of Stouffer's book as a tolerant person.

Under this definition, implicit throughout the book, Communists themselves would possess the highest degree of tolerance in the country. They would interfere least with their own success. Second highest rating in tolerance would go to the fellow travelers; third highest to the dupes; and so on.

This is more than semantics. It goes to the heart of the question of the intellectual competence or integrity of an important segment of the academic world.

What Stouffer wrongly calls tolerance, the majority of Americans rightly call non-interference with a deadly conspiracy to destroy their country.

Let us return for a moment to the first proposition and question cited at the beginning of our discussion. The questionnaire propounded the following:

"Consider a man whose loyalty has been questioned before a Congressional comittee, but who swears under oath he has never been a Communist. Should he be allowed to make a speech in your community, or not?"

This statement is loaded down with ambiguity. Did the hypothetical individual swear under oath that he had never been a Communist *or* did he swear that he had never been a member of the Communist Party? The two are not the same, whether

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Professor Stouffer knows it or not. If the hypothetical individual swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party, his testimony was not responsive to the question of his loyalty. It was irrelevant, immaterial, and inconsequential. This is to inform Professor Stouffer that many of the most effective agents of the Communist conspiracy are not, and never have been, members of the Communist Party, and often reply under oath in the negative when asked the ambiguous question, "Are you now or have you ever been a Communist?"

Furthermore, the questionnaire's statement carries a not-too-subtle and wholly false assumption that there have been numerically significant cases in which a person denied under oath that he had ever been a Communist after his loyalty had been questioned before a Congressional committee. If the number of such cases has been negligible (and the record will show this to have been the case), it had no place in the questionnaire except as a veiled and unfounded accusation against Congressional committees which have investigated Communists. The hypothetical individual who denies that he has ever been a Communist (after an accusation of disloyalty before a Congressional committee) is placed by the questionnaire on the same level of importance, numerically speaking, as the "admitted Communist" who numbers thousands.

PROFESSOR STOUFFER comes up with the interesting but not surprising conclusion that "tolerance increases with education," or to put it differently but still in Stouffer's own words: "These data . . . show decisively that the more the schooling, the more the tolerance."

The spread between college graduates and grade school graduates in the matter of tolerance toward nonconformists (the category in which Stouffer places Communists) is found in the striking figures assigned to these two groups. College graduates are said to have scored 66 percent as "more tolerant," while grade school graduates are reckoned to have only 16 percent in the group called "more tolerant."

If the Fund for the Republic has really found that college graduates look upon Communism with more tolerance than less educated persons, it has only confirmed what many have known for a long time: namely, that those who go to college (taken in the national aggregate) risk greater exposure to pro-Communist propaganda than those who do not attend an institution of higher learning.

Years ago, it was demonstrated that the states which boast the largest per capita expenditures on education are the states in which the percentage of Communists is greatest; and, conversely, the states with the lowest per capita expenditures on education have the smallest percentage of Communists.

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Obviously, according to Professor Stouffer's own figures, higher education, taken as a whole, tends to engender softness toward the Communist conspiracy. Stouffer says merely that it engenders tolerance toward non-conformists. This is excellent Communist propaganda.

Again, Professor Stouffer makes the highly interesting but not surprising observation "that better educated people are much more likely than others to say they knew a self-admitted Communist." According to his figures, college graduates have met seven times as many self-admitted Communists as grade school graduates. This tends to confirm the belief that Communists have firmer roots among intellectuals than they do among the so-called proletariat, that one is more likely to encounter a Communist in a college than in a factory or on a farm.

WHY higher education engenders more softness toward Communists than elementary education must have a reason or reasons which ought to be the object of serious search by educators. Perhaps the reason lies to a great extent in the pragmatic philosophy of John Dewey which underlies much of modern American education. Pragmatism, with its contempt for timeless values and verities, tends to dissipate all strong convictions. Neutralist attitudes toward good and evil follow logically from the pragmatic premise that yesterday's verities can be shelved by today's majorities. For every *partisan* who leans leftward as the result of his contacts and indoctrination in institutions of higher learning, there must be ten *neutralists* whose consuming fear is that of taking sides.

If Professor Stouffer only knew it, many of his so-called *tolerant* people are simply those who no longer give a damn about truth — thanks to their indoctrination with the anti-indoctrination philosophy of pragmatism.

In one amusing respect, the poll taken by the Fund for the Republic makes its distinguished president, Robert Maynard Hutchins, out to be a ridiculous commentator on the subject of the national psychology. For several years, and before innumerable audiences, Hutchins has been wringing his hands over an alleged anti-Communist hysteria which, he avers, has engulfed the American people. The figures of his poll reveal that public opinion in the United States is almost totally apathetic about Communism; the absence of hysteria sticks out like a sore thumb.

Polls may be rigged, either deliberately through intent to deceive or unconsciously through limitations imposed by ignorance. Let us assume that the latter is the case in this survey conducted under the auspices of the Fund for the Republic. In any case, the educational value of Professor Stouffer's volume is a minus quantity.

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# In Memory of a ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

BY THOMZA ZIMMERMAN

*"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,*
*A ragged beggar sunning;*
*Around it still the sumacs grow*
*And blackberry vines are running."*

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Big yellow school buses move up and down highways and along country lanes, picking up children by the crossroads, carrying them away to some distant consolidated school.

One-room country schools bask silently in the warm sunshine, inhabited by wasps and wrens, while layers of dust grow deeper on unused seats and desks, and weeds are tall on the playgrounds.

The lanes are deserted, too, and strangely quiet in early morning and late afternoon, void of happy young laughter and shouting; children don't walk there now.

No wonder it took so long to go and come from school in the other days. There were things to do and see along the way: in the dust, small tracks made by wild feet playing in the moonlight; a ground hog, burrowed far back in a bank, getting ready for winter; a big fox squirrel running along the top rail of a rick-rack fence, his cheeks puffed out with acorns.

Gold and scarlet leaves made a magic carpet; wild grapes hung invitingly near the path; goldenrod and asters starred the roadside and made a pretty bouquet to pacify the teacher if the loiterer was late.

One-room country schools are being erased from the American picture — shouldered out by progress without a scant look of sympathy.



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To those who recited their A B C's from the tiny front seats and moved back a row each year as their knowledge increased along with their bodies, there's a nip of nostalgia in seeing them go.

THE one-room country school was more than a place where children learned to read, write, spell, solve arithmetic problems and sing lustily, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." It was a place where farmers took their families on crisp autumn evenings and bid in loud voices on fancy pies or decorated, lunch-filled boxes, while firelight danced through the damper of the squatty, box-like stove, and kerosene lamps flickered from the sidewalls.

And when the hour grew late, they went home through the frost-filled night, driving slowly with loose reins, letting the faithful horses pick their way along the narrow, winding roads.

On such excursions little folk rode in the back of the wagon on a bed of loose hay; listened to voices of the night; got acquainted with the stars and watched the moon climb the sky to shine down on fields shorn of the harvest.

Parents went to the schoolhouse again at Christmas-time and visited with their neighbors. Children danced excitedly around the big tree in the corner and climbed on the rough-plank stage to go through sing-song recitations and much-rehearsed dialogue scenes.

Workmen are appearing at many of the little schools these days. Not to clean the cistern, cut the weeds, rack the winter's wood and repair the building because it's time for classes again, but to take down the door that has swung wide from the force of generations of excess energy, lift out the narrow, small-paned windows, take the wall apart and carry it all away.

When the schoolhouse is gone, the yard will again be a part of the field that surrounds it. A big breaking plow will bite down through the long-unbroken sod and cattle will seek shelter from the noon-day sun under the playground oaks and maples.

As the sun drops low over the ridges, the school bus appears again at the top of the hill — coasts quickly down the slope and across the little valley. It stops for a minute beside a mailbox to discharge a passenger, and then goes on over the next rise and disappears around the bend.

The mailed boot of time has brought another change to the countryside. The one-room school has been consigned to the past — material for another page in the majestic book of history.

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# When You Meet a Bear

## SOME HELPFUL HINTS ON "MANNERS"

By Lloyd A. Smith

THERE are always two surprises when you meet a bear. You have one and he has the other. On your camps and tramps in the big woods you may be on the lookout for a Big Mike. You may be eager and anxious to meet him, but, when you slide into that creek or push into that blueberry patch and suddenly there he is, blocking the path ahead, you can't help being startled.

Big Mike, on his part, is always looking for you, once he has learned that you have moved into his woods. Not from any frantic desire to see you, for he likes nothing better than to be left alone, and that's why his nose and ears are constantly on the alert to detect your presence. Often, when you think there's not another living thing within ten miles of where you're standing, Big Mike is there. The breeze has given him your visiting card.

What he will do when you meet him depends largely not upon himself but upon you. His feelings are probably the reverse of your own. If you feel as bold as a wild boar, he's as timid as a rabbit. If you're afraid, he hasn't any fear. If you're inquisitive, he's incredibly shy. And, like all other wild creatures, he has an uncanny way of being able to read your thoughts. It's as if, in that intent, penetrating gaze of his, he sees your thoughts turned inside out for his personal inspection.

The only exception is when you meet him without fear or curiosity, with the desire simply to attend to your own affairs, as if he were a stranger and an equal. That rare mental attitude he understands perfectly, for it's his own, and he goes on his way quietly, as if he had not seen you.

For every chance meeting, Big Mike seems to have a plan of action ready, which he applies instantly. Make an unfamiliar sound behind him as he plods along the shore, and

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he will hurl himself headlong into the cover of the bushes.

Sit perfectly still, and he rises on his hind legs for a look and a long sniff to find out who you are. Jump at him with a yell the instant he appears, and he'll hurl chips and dirt back at you as he digs his toes into the hillside for a better grip and scrambles away whimpering like a scared puppy.

It's only when a bear meets some new object, or some new circumstance entirely outside his training, that you see for the first time some trace of hesitation on the part of this self-confident prowler of the big woods.

ONCE I startled a Big Mike on the shore where he had come to get the fore-quarters of a deer that had been left there. He jumped for cover at the first alarm without even turning his head, just as he had seen his mother do a score of times when he was a cub. Then he stopped, and for three or four seconds considered the danger, in plain sight — a thing I've never seen any other bear do. The trail was narrow. On its lower side was a sheer drop of thirty feet to a salmon pool below. On the other, the cliff rose steeply, presenting an awkward climb.

Big Mike was uneasy now, and a low whining growl came floating up the path. Then I sat down on a rock, squarely in front of him and began to talk to him as if he were open to argument.

"You're in a spot, Mike," I kept saying to him softly. "If you'd only stayed at home till twilight, as a bear ought to do, we'd be happy now, both of us. You've put me in a spot too, and now you've just got to get me out of it. Why don't you climb that spruce now and get out of my way?"

I've noticed that all wild animals grow uneasy at the sound of the human voice, speaking however quietly.

I can see him now, turning, twisting uneasily, with that half-timid look in his eyes as they met mine furtively, as if ashamed. Near him a spruce tree sprang out of the rocks and reached upward to a ledge far above.

Slowly he raised himself, and then a violent convulsion seemed to hoist him out of the trail. He shot up the tree in a succession of nervous, jerky jumps, rising with astonishing speed for so huge a creature. Then he stopped and looked down to see what I would do next. I rose and went quietly down the trail.

It was morning when I came back to the salmon pool, but there was no sign of Big Mike.

At the point where I had stood when his deep "Hoowuff!" first startled me, I left a big salmon, for a taste of which any bear will go far out of his way. Next morning it was gone, and so it may be that Big Mike, on his next journey, found another and pleasanter surprise awaiting him at the turn of the trail.

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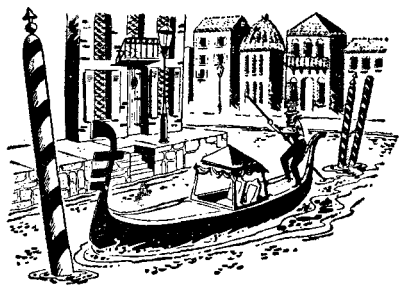
# Sacked by the Saracens



BY ROBERT DEARDORFF

I'VE LIVED in Europe for over a year now. One of the things I've discovered is that everybody is festival-mad. From the Polar Circle to the Mediterranean they never miss an opportunity to dress up in museum-piece clothing and then, sparked by a homemade band locked in discordant struggle with the *William Tell Overture*, they celebrate.

*What* they celebrate is unimportant. Whole communities go haywire over such unlikely pretexts as sending the cows up the mountain to a new pastureland in the spring or bringing them down again in the fall. What's more, if you're an American tourist over here and happen to be on the spot when the beer or the wine starts to flow, you can often take part in them.

So far I've managed to involve myself in three such revels. On the west coast of Sweden there's a summer resort called Marstrand, where, one summer night, I found myself taking part in a perilous folk dance. It's really lots of fun, and after half an hour or so of tossing a flaxen-haired girl around you begin to get to know her.

The second time was in Mykonos, a tiny Greek island in the Aegean Sea, where all the houses and even the streets are whitewashed regularly and gleam blindingly in the sun. Somehow or other I became part of a conga-type line that was doing a rather energetic leap, run and squat, follow-the-leader dance. I never did discover why. The Greeks are very fond of Americans, and they just thought I should be part of the fun, whatever it was.

Neither, however, compared with the time last year that I fought the Saracens in Positano, a quiet Italian fishing village some 35 miles south of Naples. So far, that's been the peak of my career as an itinerant festival crasher.

When I reached Naples that day, I took a taxi from the station to one of the docks and got on the boat for Capri, which stops at Sorrento on its way out to that island. Unlike previous times when I've taken that boat, it wasn't just crowded — it



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was mobbed with people, and I began to wonder what was going on.

At one of the hotels in Positano I had a reservation. When I arrived there, the proprietor, awakened from his siesta, ambled sleepily toward me, his face sad.

"A terrible thing has happened," he began in a doleful voice, as if the mortgage had been foreclosed. There was to be a festival in Positano that night, he explained, and several of his guests, previously scheduled to leave, had decided to stay on for it. There was no room for me.

At this point, the sadness left his face. He smiled abruptly and clapped his hand to his forehead to convince me that he had been blessed with an inspiration, which I was sure he had had all the time.

"You can sleep here in the office," he said, pointing to a desk crowded with a typewriter, three ledgers and piles of travel folders.

One thing I have learned in Italy — a stiff upper lip gets you nowhere. A strong voice and a swift delivery are far more valuable assets. Taking a deep breath, I made an Italian scene. It was effective, with quick, incisive gestures. The maid who stood nearby looked on with pleasure, while the face of the proprietor grew sadder and sadder as he nodded his head in sympathy. And that night I slept in the office.

THE PROBLEM of the office settled, I started for the center of the village. A casual stroll here on festival evening, I discovered right away, provides splendid exercise and sharpens the reflexes as effectively as benzedrine. Positano has one street, which twists back and forth down the steep mountain on which the houses are built straight up.

Various people I spoke to on the way down had various ideas about what we were celebrating, so I walked to Le Sirenuse, the leading hotel, which is owned by Paolo Sersale, the village mayor, and there I talked to him. He explained that the pageant re-enacts an ancient legend which says that sometime around the eighth century the Saracens attacked Positano, defeated the Christian defenders and made off

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with a statue of the Virgin. Their victory was transient, however. As they sailed out to sea, an angel appeared in the sky and told them pointedly to put it back. Thoroughly intimidated, they did as directed and became Christians besides. By European standards, that's as good a reason as any for tearing the town apart.

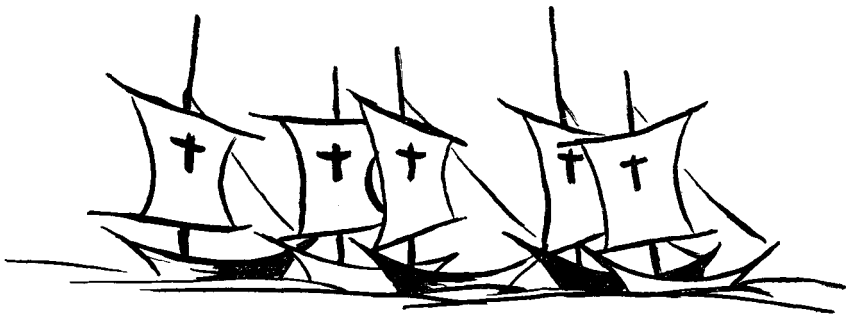
Mr. Sersale also told me that almost nobody around Positano really enjoys being a defending "Christian," since the "Christians" are defeated, and besides, they don't have as many fireworks to shoot off as the invading "Saracens" have. Moreover — another disadvantage for the forces of good — the lucky "Saracens" have kitchen utensils on which they can bang ferociously as they sail up and down past the beach before they land.

As a result of all this, he said, "Christians" have to be imported from neighboring villages. And that's how I met my destiny. I got to be a "Christian," helped fix rockets in long holders behind the church, where the preparations were going forward, and, when the pageant finally began, I even had a chance to shoot one.

I had about an hour and a half to spare, since the pageant wasn't scheduled to begin until 10 P.M., so I decided to see a bit more of the preparations.

Down on the beach a barricade had been thrown up to keep spectators from the water's edge, so naturally all along its length men, women and children were busy climbing over it. I followed their example and came to a row of fishing boats pulled up on the sand. The stern and bow of each one had been heightened by a superstructure of planking, painted white with red crosses on it for the "Christian" boats, red with blue stars and crescents for the "Saracen" ones.

In each, a mast had been tied near the stern; from these hung rectangular or triangular sails, with the same red crosses against a white background for the "Christians," blue stars and crescents against a red background for the "Saracens." I



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counted sides and discovered that there were five of each. Fair enough! We weren't outnumbered, at least.

In the center of the beach, some carnival stands had been set up and at the end of this row of stalls stood a bandstand, where a group of musicians from Salerno were seated. Just as I arrived in front of them their leader cried out, "*Uno, due, tre.*" Immediately after the third count, the music burst forth in fine fury. Sure enough, it was the *William Tell Overture*. This was an authentic festival, and the show was on.

BEHIND the steep ridge on the right side of the beach great clouds of smoke, carefully illuminated by a red spotlight, billowed forth as the "Saracens" began their sack of the village. A few moments later they sailed in a straight line, like ducks, into view around the mountains, making a very fine racket indeed on their pots and pans. From the opposite direction the "Christians," duck-like also, came to meet them. Red, green and white rockets shot forth from both sides. This was my moment. Lighting a match to the rocket that had been rationed to me, I stood back as a huge red ball soared out to sea. I hoped everybody had seen it.

From across the water drifted the enthusiastic howls of the warriors, who were enjoying the show more than anyone. Then, banging on their kitchen ware, the "Saracens" hit the beach before an admiring throng. We "Christians" rushed down to meet them, but they defeated us there, too (the fight was fixed), and set fire to a wooden façade that had been erected to represent the church. This went up in a blaze spectacular enough to satisfy everybody. Even the "Saracens" paused for a moment to enjoy it before they set out to sea again.

Before they'd gone very far, fireworks began erupting noisily from the blazing church itself. Three times a golden crown of light shot into the sky. Then a picture of the Virgin, suddenly illuminated, went off like a pin wheel on the Fourth of July. *That* brought them back, meek and converted, and the festival was over, though the celebration went on all night.

Many of these local revels are unknown back in the States; as a result, you generally have to stumble upon them by accident, as I did. However, there is a way of finding out in advance about some of them, at least. The European Travel Commission, 295 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, can usually supply a list of the more important ones scheduled for each of the Western European countries.

And if you come to Positano any August 14, you just may be able to wangle a job as a "Christian," since they're in such short supply. You won't get a frying pan to bang on, but someone may give you a rocket. Anyhow, you'll be on the side of the angels. What more can you ask?

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# READING, WRITING *and* RUSSIAN

*By Bill Duke*

TWO SMALL, busy offices tucked in a corner of the Fordham University campus pose a great threat to the forces of world Communism. In a renovated barracks building, the University's Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies trains young men and women in the two most effective anti-Communist weapons — a thorough knowledge of Communist philosophy and an understanding of the Russian language and people.

The Rev. Walter C. Jaskievicz, director of the Institute, is a vigorous Jesuit priest with a look of grim determination on his face. When you ask him about his work, his blue eyes pierce you as he tells you with feeling, "The only way to lick Communism is to pull the philosophy out from under it."

He believes that many fighters against Communism are not effective because they presuppose bad faith on the part of the Reds. The Fordham priest teaches his men to expose the atheistic heart of Communism in the light of Christian philosophy. He tells them that if they show the peoples of the world that the basic principles of Marxism consider man as nothing more than an animal, they will stifle the growth of the disease. The Communists know this. They are afraid of its potentialities.

In January, 1952, the Soviet magazine, *Ogonyok* (The Little Light), tried to discredit the Institute. It published a cartoon captioned, "A Temple of Learning," and labeled Fordham as a school engaged in "the preparation of cadres of spies, saboteurs and intelligence officers to be sent to the USSR."

The cartoon depicted the typical Fordham man as an ape-like creature armed with revolver and parachute, and receiving "jump" instructions from a black-robed professor. The Soviet readers were told that, "at Fordham, dopes are prepared to be spies with diplomas and certified killers."

Father Jaskievicz doesn't know what kind of a reception the article received in Moscow, but he knows it gave encouragement to his faculty. They continued to arm their students, not with revolvers but with



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knowledge and hunger for truth.

Even now, Institute graduates are working as journalists, teachers and lecturers to expose the Marxist philosophy. In April 1953, the Institute sponsored a discussion on the "Interpretation of News from Behind the Iron Curtain." Prominent reporters and news editors from New York newspapers and wire services attended, and were told that the Institute would help any honest seeker of information extract truth from Soviet propaganda.

A FEW YEARS ago, a Russian Institute at Fordham was just a vague, chronic rumor — an idle dream. But for the farsightedness of a few hard-working Fordham priests, it might still be that today.

Soon after World War II, a group of Fordham professors realized the need for a large number of experts on Russia. In the faculty lounges, they broadcasted that America needed experts with more than a technical knowledge and a sympathy for the Russian people. These educators wanted to train men who were grounded in sound religious and moral principles as well as in economics or politics.

The movement got little farther than the lounges until the dean of Fordham College learned of the idea. Father Thurston Noble Davis knew that many Americans and Europeans were being enlisted in the Communist cause. These people had no positive philosophy of their own, and Soviet propaganda had convinced them that Marxism was humanitarianism.

For Father Davis, the only solution was to train people capable of showing the world that no matter how you slice it, Communism will always mean atheism, world revolution and the degradation of man. He brought his idea to Father J. Franklin Ewing, a Jesuit anthropologist who had spent three years in a Japanese prison camp. They worked out a plan to incorporate Russian area study into the University curriculum.

Father Ewing examined the programs of the Russian area courses in existence elsewhere. He was looking for something on which to model the Fordham Institute, but soon discovered that none of the other schools put enough stress on philosophy and religion. None presented a positive program to counteract the Red plague.

The anthropologist contacted Dr. Richard T. Burgi, a Fordham College graduate on the faculty of Yale University's Russian Center. Richard Burgi was primarily a linguist. While in Brazil with the Air Corps during the war, he had taught himself Russian. By 1946, he had mastered this difficult language and was official interpreter at the 38th parallel during the original partition of Korea.

Would it be possible for Dr. Burgi to help organize a Fordham Russian Institute? Dr. Burgi thought it

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would, and with the consent of his superiors at Yale, he came to New York in the summer of 1950.

Dr. Burgi took over the administrative drudgery necessary to bring the new idea into reality. He assembled a faculty of experts, many of them natives of Russia. He borrowed Louis Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker*, from the economics department of Fordham. Miss Helene Iswolsky, daughter of a former Czarist ambassador, and Father Andrei Ouroussoff, son of a Russian prince, were added to the roles. Mikhail Koriakov, once curator of the Tolstoi Museum in Moscow was signed to give instruction in language.

In September, Dr. Burgi remained as director and teacher. Thirty Fordham College students, four graduate students and twenty people from the adult education division were enrolled at the Institute.

THE FIRST goal was to give every student a thorough working knowledge of the Russian language, the key to the country's culture and sociology. Students were required to take a two-year, ten-hour-a-week intensive course. Native-born tutors who weren't familiar with English insured that only Russian was spoken in the classroom.

Courses in Russian history, economics, literature, religion and art were added to give a rounded picture of Russian life before and after the Communist revolution.

In the following year, enrollment increased, the faculty and list of courses grew. Dr. Burgi, his leave of absence over, returned to Yale, and Father Ewing took control of the Institute. He stressed extracurricular activities. Panels and discussion groups helped spread the influence of the new idea. The philosophy of Communism was analyzed by the faculty and students on the radio and from the lecture platform.

The list of courses included all phases of Russian life. You could take lessons in the art of ikon painting, or learn the significance of the Russian ballet, or examine the training and personality of Soviet military personnel. Mr. Budenz taught his classes the techniques of Communism, drawing on his own personal experience.

Other people had invaluable experience to contribute, too. Many of them came from the Fordham Russian Center, an association of priests and religious experts of the Russian rite, entirely distinct from the Institute. These priests taught the culture, the religion, and the art of their people to the young Americans.

By September 1952, the "Russian baby" had become adult. Father Ewing turned the directorship over to Father Jaskievicz, a specialist in Russian affairs, and became director of Fordham University's research department.

Today, eighty people are enrolled in the Institute's regular program,

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and many more take special courses. A shortwave radio in the director's office enables students to translate Soviet propaganda at the very minute it is being transmitted. Stacks of magazines published by the Moscow propagandists are translated and analyzed.

The New York City area benefits by the Institute's experts, too. A traveling panel, headed by Father Ewing, brings the Communist conspiracy into focus. It is composed of four men who were part of that conspiracy, Louis Budenz, Benjamin Gitlow, Manning Johnson and Howard Rushmore.

Sitting in the Institute's reading room recently, Father Jaskievicz watched a group of his students translate Soviet news releases. In one corner of the room, several college students were editing the Russian Club's monthly magazine. Another group was discussing a series of lectures to be given by faculty members on Long Island. Working on a large center table, a member of the faculty was writing an article for a Slavic publication, interpreting the Soviet shake-ups in the satellite countries.

Father Jaskievicz, with a contented smile, picked up a copy of the Soviet cartoon about Fordham and said, "If they saw us now, they would really have something to be afraid of. If enough people can be informed about the real nature of Communism, the Soviet will crumble. We're doing our best to hasten the day."

## *Regards from Vassilev—*

▶ Vassilev, a Russian living abroad, had left the country of his birth at an early age. Determined to see for himself what life was like behind the Iron Curtain, he took a trip there. First he went to Budapest, and from there he sent post cards to his friends abroad, reading: "Regards from free Hungary — Vassilev. Next he went to Warsaw. Again he sent cards to all his friends, reading: "Regards from free Poland — Vassilev." Finally he reached Moscow, and from there too, he sent greetings: "Regards from free Russia — Vassilev." His friends didn't know what to make of this until they got cards from Paris: "Regards from France — free Vassilev."

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# *The Last Voyage of*
# JOHN PAUL JONES

BY S. A. WHEELER

ON A SUNNY afternoon in July 1905, a long and impressive parade passed through the center of Paris. Moving in this procession was an artillery caisson which carried a heavy oaken casket, draped with the flag of the United States. Bands played patriotic airs and stirring military marches as the long column moved at regular marching tempo. Not only was this a brilliant and impressive spectacle — it was also one of the strangest parades in military history, for it was not a funeral.

The man whose mortal remains were carried on the caisson this summer day in 1905 was John Paul Jones, dead for 113 years. His funeral had been held in the year 1792.

With the close of the American War of Independence, the services of this first great hero of the United States Navy were no longer needed at sea. He was sent on special missions to Denmark and France. Later, with the approval of his friend, Thomas Jefferson, he accepted a flattering offer from the Empress Catherine and, with an admiral's rank, took command of a Russian squadron in the Black Sea. He had some success in battles against the Turks, but intrigue and jealousy among Catherine's officers made his position difficult and he asked for a leave of absence. Before he could get out of Russia, he almost lost his life in a siege with pneumonia.

With a determination to regain his health and to look after personal affairs, the Admiral settled in Paris. He was already famous as an able and courageous sea fighter. His charm, his scholarly attainments and a fluent command of at least three languages added to his favor. He was sought after by members of the French court, was an advisor among the military, and a confidant of leaders in the National Assembly.

In spite of this, his final two years in Paris were not happy ones. He



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was unsuccessful in collecting much of the money owed him by both the United States and Russia. His health gradually failed. The French Revolution was in full swing, and he found his many friends divided and taking sides in that great struggle.

In his last few days of life, the Admiral suffered with digestive troubles, a kidney ailment, swollen legs, and a throat disorder which made it difficult for him to speak. Friends called daily at his modest apartment until death came on July 18, 1792, just two weeks after his 45th birthday.

Funeral rites were arranged hastily. Some of his friends wanted a large funeral, but the American Minister to France, Gouverneur Morris, refused to spend either the public money of the United States or the limited funds of the deceased for anything but the bare essentials. A modest but suitable service and burial were arranged, with the bills being paid by a Paris city official. Most of the 462 francs expended went for a leaden coffin. Scores of friends, both Protestants and Catholics, attended, and burial took place in a small Paris cemetery, reserved for foreign Protestants.

Six months later, a government decree legally closed this cemetery. A few more burials were recorded until 1804, and then, with the sale of the property to private owners, earth and rock fills were made and buildings erected. As a place of burial, it was soon forgotten.

For more than 100 years, the mortal remains of the great naval commander lay in an unmarked grave in a lost cemetery.

IN THE YEAR 1899, General Horace Porter, U.S. Army, Retired, then the United States Ambassador to France, resolved to undertake a systematic and exhaustive search for the body of Admiral Jones. Some of his aides in the Embassy joined him, but the project was a personal venture, apart from diplomatic duties. In June 1899, they began a collection of relevant documents and historical writings. They searched the old archives of Paris, corresponded with descendants of the Admiral, collected copies of letters to and from his friends in America, France, and his native Scotland.

It was determined beyond doubt that burial had been in a leaden coffin in the old Saint Louis Cemetery in what was the very heart of Paris during the French Revolution. After 100-year-old city maps had been found and examined, the exact location of the old cemetery was determined.

Now came preparations for an almost unprecedented undertaking — the running of tunnels under privately owned buildings in the center of the French capital city. Paris officials cooperated generously, loaning the services of a skilled engineer and other technicians, together with much equipment.

On February 3, 1905, the first

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shaft was sunk to a depth of 18 feet. This excavation revealed that human bodies were buried there in great numbers, layer upon layer and close together. Many of the remains showed that neither caskets nor even the most elementary forms of embalming had been used. On February 22, a leaden coffin was found, and a month later, a second one. Name plates and other identifying marks revealed the remains to be of persons other than Admiral Jones.

On March 31, a third coffin of lead was found. It was heavy and of superior workmanship, but it bore no inscription plate.

In the presence of General Porter, the engineer and several others, this third leaden coffin was pried open on April 7, 1905. From within came heavy fumes of alcohol. The body, wrapped in a white sheet and carefully packed in straw, was that of a man in a remarkable state of preservation. In his hand, the General held a copy of a gold commemorative medal, struck by order of Congress in 1787. It bore a facial profile of Admiral Jones. One look at the face of the corpse and the group in the tunnel knew their quest had met with success. Hats were removed.

The coffin and its remains were taken to the Paris School of Medicine. There work began on one of the most notable post-mortem examinations of all history. The problem at hand was to determine, beyond all doubt, the identity of the human remains now lying on an operating room slab. After much painstaking examination, identification of the remains was adjudged complete and certain, and without one dissenting voice. The body was then laid in a new leaden coffin, which, in turn, was placed in a great oaken casket with heavy silver handles.

As AMBASSADOR, General Porter conveyed a full report on his project to the French Government, and sent detailed dispatches to President Theodore Roosevelt. The President acted at once by issuing orders to the Navy Department. Four ships were detached from the North Atlantic Fleet, and on June 18, 1905, the "John Paul Jones Squadron" sailed from New York for Cherbourg, France.

After arrival in France, there were many ceremonies, and on July 6, the remains of Admiral Jones were formally delivered to the care of the United States Navy.

A memorial service was held at the American Church of the Holy Trinity, and then the long procession, with its flag-draped casket, passed through the streets to the Paris railway station. Five hundred bluejackets and two companies of marines marched in this parade. Admiral Jones had many times traveled from Paris to Cherbourg by horse-drawn coach. This time his body traveled in a special railway car.

With the great oaken casket safely

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aboard, and after final ceremonies and exchange of salutes with the French navy, the squadron departed for home.

Arriving off the American coast, the squadron was escorted into Chesapeake Bay by seven battleships, and on the morning of July 23, the cruisers anchored off the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. There to greet them was the French cruiser, *Jurien de la Graviere*. The gold sword which Louis XVI of France had presented to Admiral Jones in 1780 was placed on the casket, and it was carried ashore.

On April 24, 1778, the British ship of war, *Drake*, had been captured by Jones in British waters. That date in 1906 was chosen for commemorative exercises at the Naval Academy. A special train brought President Roosevelt and other dignitaries from Washington, D.C. State governors and persons from all parts of the country, as well as hundreds of Navy officers and men, participated.

Members of Congress considered the event so important in history that a commemorative book was ordered. Personal papers and documents concerning the career of Admiral Jones were included. The texts of the addresses delivered at Annapolis were reprinted, and also the complete reports of the finding and identification of the body. The volume was entitled "John Paul Jones Commemoration" and today it is a prize item among collectors.

THE STORY of John Paul Jones did not end, however, with the impressive ceremony at Annapolis and the publication of a commemorative book. The Admiral again became a victim of official and public apathy. Plans had been made for a final resting place in a new Naval Academy Chapel. But because funds were lacking for completion of the building, there was a long delay.

By the year 1910, clamors came from American newspapers. One story related that the body of the Admiral was lying forgotten in his casket, propped up on two sawhorses behind a stairway in the Academy's Bancroft Hall! In 1912, Congress appropriated $135,000 to complete the Chapel. General Porter was reimbursed for his personal expenditures to carry on the excavations in Paris. He promptly donated this money to the Chapel building fund.

On January 26, 1913, the great oaken casket was moved to its permanent place of rest. The inscription in the marble floor at the base of the sarcophagus reads:

JOHN PAUL JONES, 1747–1792 U. S. NAVY, 1775–1783
HE GAVE OUR NAVY ITS EARLIEST TRADITIONS OF HEROISM AND VICTORY
ERECTED BY THE CONGRESS, A.D. 1912

Today the white marble crypt beneath the Chapel dome is a shrine for both midshipmen and visitors in Annapolis. It is the most imposing, and perhaps the most significant, memorial ever created for a member of the United States Navy.

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# . . . Same Program . . .

# FIFTY YEARS LATER

**R. M. Fox,** *a leading Irish drama critic, sums up the first fifty years of the famous Abbey Theater, which has just celebrated its Golden Jubilee . . .*

For fifty years the Abbey Theater has held its place in Dublin as the stage on which the Irish people can see themselves and their dreams. Sometimes this has led to riots and disturbances. But the theater has interpreted Ireland to the world.

Recently this theater celebrated its Golden Jubilee by presenting short plays by Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge.

Exactly the same program was given on the opening night, December 27, 1904. The recent celebration took place in the Queen's Theater, Dublin, because in July of 1951, the stage and part of the auditorium of the old Abbey were destroyed by fire.

The most amazing thing about the Abbey is that out of small and confused beginnings has come a sturdy national drama known all over the world. It was not the original intention of W. B. Yeats to have a theater in Ireland at all. He wanted a little theater somewhere in the London suburbs, where romantic drama and verse plays could be performed. About 1900, when an attempt was made to stage Irish plays in Dublin, the idea of creating an Irish drama was so weak that an English company was recruited by George Moore in London to perform such plays at the Dublin Gaiety Theater. One reason for this was the lack of Irish actors, especially as the Irish Literary Theater — as it was orig-



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inally called — had no money to pay a company and no theater for it to perform in.

Not until Miss A. E. F. Horniman of Manchester came forward with an offer to reconstruct the Abbey premises, and to pay a subsidy for several years, was it possible even to think of a permanent Irish theater with a settled home. From that time — in 1904 — the present Abbey dates.

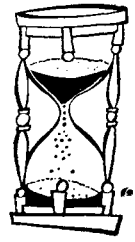
The label of a "literary" theater has been attached traditionally to the Abbey, but it is difficult to say exactly what this means. Certainly it has meant that there is no star system.

The fame of the company really began when the players visited London for a week-end performance. They were amateurs, drawn from shops and offices. At that time, they hadn't even a theater of their own, but they had been trained to speak and act with such quiet dignity that they delighted London critics.

Although the Abbey style of acting has remained a great attraction — even to film studios which have coaxed Abbey players away — it would be wrong to suggest that this was the chief glory of the theater. From Yeats onward, the dramatists sought for a distinctive expression of Irish life. Yeats never succeeded in founding a school of legendary drama, but was more successful in his emphasis on the peasant play. He saw the tree of Irish legend laden with golden myths which had grown out of reach and sight of the people, whose faces were turned of necessity to the earth.

With the coming of the Industrial Revolution, Ireland ceased to be a nation of "big houses" with a huddle of whitewashed cabins at their gates, and Irish drama could no longer be expressed in terms of heroic Irish kings against a background of the fields. Plays by Synge followed with sharper impact. They left the golden mist behind, though we had to wait for the full realistic approach until Sean O'Casey, from the Dublin tenements, revitalized the theater with his wild hilarity and heartbreaking sadness.

The Abbey has had sufficient vitality to last for fifty years, and it may be that even now some unknown dramatist is preparing a new "classic" for the Irish stage.



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# WHAT PRICE GAW?

*By* HENRY G. RITER, *3rd*

*President, National Association of Manufacturers*

INDUSTRIAL management has no argument with the craving for security and recognizes it as a motivating force in life. A desire for security prodded prehistoric man out of his paleolithic swamp, drove him to seek shelter from the wind and the rain and the beasts of the fields, and started him along the path that has led to the uplands of civilization.

In leisure moments, he dreamed of a utopia in which he might satisfy his wants without subjecting himself to the whipsaw of risk and the flail of adversity. Plato in his *Republic* thought it might be done through the rule of philosophers; Thomas Hobbes in his *Leviathan* through the commonwealth; and Samuel Butler in his *Erewhon*, tongue in cheek I suspect, through the elimination of all machinery.

Still, after 40 centuries of striving and dreaming, man spends most of the days of his life toiling to win security for himself, for his home and family, for his business and his country.

Doubts haunt him. He asks questions. Can we risk dropping the atom bomb to gain national security? Is there absolute job and wage security? If there is, can we get it without putting management and labor, and indeed the country's whole system of free enterprise, in an economic strait jacket?

There is a golden coin of security. But the reverse side of that coin is marked "risk." Someone has to take a chance, and unless that person takes a chance, no security is possible. The soldier on some far-flung frontier secures your country. The policeman on his beat in the dead of night secures your home. The lifeguard on the beach secures your life. The insurance company takes the risk that you won't have an accident.

And in the markets of the world, the businessman assumes a risk and, as long as it pays off, he earns a measure of security for his enterprise, for his employees and for himself.

It cannot be otherwise in a world of uncertainty. Indeed, it is almost impossible to guarantee anything. Life itself is risk. The tennis ball of chance rebounds from the racquets of peace and war, floods and drought, depression and inflation, sickness and health.



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Today there are countries that try to minimize the natural risks of life. They do it through regulation and regimentation, through brainwashing, bayonets and the big lie. Everything is controlled down to control itself. In China, security has become a dull uniformity of life in which everyone wears the same drab blue, gets up at the same time every morning, exercises when he hears the dial tone of Peiping radio and trots off to work when told. In Russia, many workers are forcibly marched away to slave labor camps where workers enjoy the ultimate in job security.

Those who remember Americans chafing under wartime restrictions need not inquire into how they would react to the imposed guarantees of the welfare state. And yet they are not really guarantees. They don't give you anything.

Traditionally, America has set a course in the temperate zone between these extreme poles. It is our birthright that our Constitution guarantees freedom, to be used by Americans to seek opportunity, and the security of equal protection under the law, at the same time giving the free citizen wide latitude in which to work out his own destiny.

It is natural, then, that anyone advocating a step like the guaranteed annual wage must consider the delicately balanced scales, one arm of which is security and the other freedom.

You must ask: "What happens to one arm of the scales when I tip the other? Do I pay too great a price in freedom for my gain in security? What will be the cost of the guaranteed annual wage to me, to labor, to America?"

Never fear. You will pay a price. We never get something for nothing. As Emerson said, "Forever and ever it takes a pound to lift a pound."

You will pay a price as a worker and as a consumer. After all, it's something more than human nature and good business sense for your employer to want to show a profit.

As Peter F. Drucker wrote in *Harper's:*

> I think that we can agree that the first responsibility of management is always to the business enterprise and that, since it is the primary job of any business enterprise to make a profit, management must see to it that it does. . . . If an enterprise fails, it is not just the stockholders who take a loss; we all lose. Jobs are gone and wealth is wasted. It is the community that bears the brunt, and we are all part of the community.

IT'S A MATTER of survival. Your employer knows the guaranteed annual wage would be a real cost he would have to meet in the competitive market. He also knows a dead business cannot guarantee anything, so against his will, he might have to sacrifice your salary or your job to keep his business going.

But supposing you keep your job.

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You would still pay a price, because you would lose your individual flexibility. Your tendency would be to stay in a job that was guaranteed. There would, in fact, be fewer jobs all around because employers would be compelled to cut costs and would hesitate a long time before undertaking wage commitments.

With more and more workers frozen in their jobs, it is only natural that there should be a loss of initiative, ingenuity and incentive, a dwarfing of ambition and ability, and a blunting of the will necessary to success in a free economy. The obvious result would be an attitude of, "Why should I work? I'll get paid anyhow." It might not be *your* attitude, but it could be the attitude of the man next to you, and that in itself would be a demoralizing factor.

As a matter of fact, I am not convinced a majority of workers is sold on a guaranteed annual wage. You might draw the conclusion from stories in the press that workers are clamoring for wage guarantees. But I saw a recent poll which showed only half wanting such guarantees.

But there are other factors to be considered. As a consumer, you will find the cost of guaranteed wage packages charged off like other costs and filtering down to you in the prices you pay for products. An imposition of higher labor cost for work not performed would raise prices and thereby reduce markets.

Some companies could be priced out of the market by wage guarantees. Other companies, holding on desperately, might cut down production or refuse to go through with desirable expansion. You, the consumer, might be deprived of a steady flow of new and better products. Such Americana as the "bargain sale" would likely turn into the "liquidation sale."

If the guarantees should be tied in with increased unemployment benefit payments, as we have every reason to believe they would, there would be a real threat of bankruptcy to the state compensation systems. Unemployment compensation partially offsets wage losses due to loss of employment through no fault of the employee, and there is a built-in incentive to find another job as soon as possible. GAW proposals call for paying a man as much for working as for not working — so again, "Why work?" The employer would catch it coming and going — first in the form of taxes for the unemployment payments and second in funds for the guarantees.

How about the effect on labor as a whole? It stands to reason there would be a cumulative effect when many employers have to guarantee annual wages to many employees. One certain effect is fewer jobs all around at a time when we need one million more jobs a year to keep abreast of the growing population.

It could very well be that labor might lose some of the gains it has

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made in recent years. When asked in a recent poll what would happen in the event of guaranteed annual wage, three out of four companies hazarded the opinion they might have to reduce their work forces.

When asked what stood in the way of the guaranteed annual wage, three in four said, "fluctuating markets"; every second one said, "seasonal business": and one in three said, "changing prices."

OVER-ALL, the guaranteed annual wage would strike a heavy blow at the national economy and welfare. The national welfare requires good business, and good business requires profits. No company can continue to provide jobs without profits, and over and beyond jobs, venture capital is further discouraged, to the detriment of business expansion.

I have always thought there is a certain contradiction in the demand for a guaranteed annual wage. If such a thing were possible, it would be wholly unnecessary. What manager would not welcome markets that would keep his work force fully employed year in and year out? And what would be the need, under such circumstances, to put the guarantee in writing?

The late Jay Hormel, chairman of the George A. Hormel Company, struck close to the heart of the problem when he said: "Certainly our company is wholly unable to redeem the money consideration in such a guarantee unless we can keep our people actually and profitably employed. The entire asset value of our company, cashing everything we own, would only be sufficient to redeem a ten months' guarantee. So, when using the phrase 'guaranteed annual wage,' we must ask the question — guaranteed by what? The only guarantee we know of is the ability of the management to manage, coupled with the willingness of the workers to work. If either fails, then the guarantee fails."

Nor is management the only one to see the difficulties in GAW. A little more than a year ago, President George Meany of the AFL said: "We know without question that it is almost an impossibility under our economic system to have a guaranteed annual wage in certain types of business . . ."

Some CIO union officials have already proposed "industry councils" and "national planning boards" to blueprint production, decide on styles and models, set prices and perform the other functions of a planned economy. The ghost of a bigger NRA Blue Eagle flaps its wings. Under such a program, anyone can see the government eventually stepping in and clamping the most rigid controls on our economy.

In other words, we would have a planned society cut to the pattern of the welfare state. We would have robbed Peter of the coin of freedom to pay Paul the price of his guarantee — knowing that the "guarantee" can only be a delusion.

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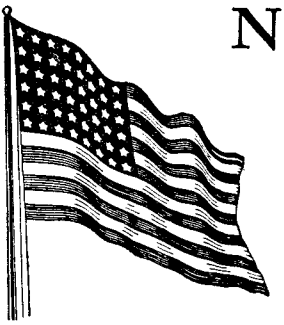

# NEW GLORY *for* *Old Glory*

BY WES BAILEY

AT THE TIME of the incident, Dr. Herbert Huebener Beck, 71, was sailing up the Patapsco River toward Baltimore. What he saw — or rather, what he failed to see — made him furious.

"That day, at the twilight's last gleaming," he wrote, "my eyes could be turned in only one direction — toward Fort McHenry to see that our flag was still there. It was not. At the classic flagpole where at noon 'the broad stripes and bright stars o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming' there was nothing but the dim line of the naked pole. That unflagged pole was one of the bitterest disappointments of my life . . ."

Dr. Beck, who was also the peppery president of the Lancaster County (Pa.) Historical Society, kept prodding the right people until the National Park Service appropriated the necessary funds. The flag flies over Fort McHenry now, day and night. (Generally, the flag should be lowered at sundown. But it may be flown after dark, if properly spotlighted, at patriotic events, or for patriotic reasons. It is always flown at night from forts or naval vessels engaged with the enemy. It may also be flown at night over the Capitol, over the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Maryland, and over the war memorial in Worcester, Massachusetts.)

All of America can thank Dr. Beck for his vigilance and zeal. But each of us can ask ourselves: What am I doing about flying the flag?

Not long ago, I moved into a community of about 50 upper-middle-class homes. Fully half of the 50 families had members in World War II. Yet not one in 20 of these homes flies the flag — even on Memorial Day! Not enough of us, in my neighborhood, or yours, really seem to care.

The American Legion, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, all have active campaigns to promote the use of the flag. Out in Manhasset, L. I., the high school band recently helped finance their new uniforms by selling flags to merchants, homeowners and



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local institutions. And this program is spreading.

AMONG the oddities concerning our flag is the fact that three men named Francis had a great deal to do with it: Francis Hopkinson, who probably designed it; Francis Scott Key, who wrote our national anthem; and Francis Bellamy, who wrote the original Pledge of Allegiance.

On Flag Day last year, President Eisenhower authorized revision of the Pledge of Allegiance to include the words "under God," so that the correct pledge now reads ". . . One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Undoubtedly the best campaign to popularize the showing of the flag is the program currently being sponsored by the American Legion. The Legion has prepared a complete kit, available to any responsible organization, outlining a step-by-step program for the proper celebration of all important patriotic holidays. The Legion has also arranged that dry cleaners throughout the country will clean your flag, without charge, if you bring it to any cleaner displaying the Legion's banner of cooperation.

Annin & Co., one of the largest U.S. flagmakers, report steadily increasing sales, reflecting new awareness of our allegiance. The company has made many special flags in its 107-year history. They still tell the story of the woman who came into their shop one day, took a diamond pin from her dress and stabbed her finger. "I want you," she said, "to make me a Confederate flag with the red exactly the color of this blood!" The lady was Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the Confederate President. The order was filled.

So far as is known, the largest U.S. flag is flown suspended by the J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit department store. It is 90 by 230 feet, big enough to cover eight ordinary building plots. The largest free-flying flag is a 5,400-square-foot Old Glory, which kisses the breeze over the George Washington Bridge, linking New York and New Jersey. It is so heavy that 20 men are required to raise it.

Waterproof flags are available for submarines (the spray does it; they are not flown submerged!); in purple, white and orange for technicolor movies; and in Braille for the blind — who love our flag so much that they want to touch it, clasp it, embrace it.

A sturdy sea captain named William Driver first called our flag "Old Glory." Let us, in the words of the American Legion, add "New Glory for Old Glory" by *showing our colors*, wherever we are.

From factory flagstaffs, from ships at sea, from penthouse terraces, from shop-fronts and schoolyards, from lawn poles and porch railings, and from the windows of humble rooms — let's fly our flag, showing the world — and each other — that we are *proud* to be Americans!

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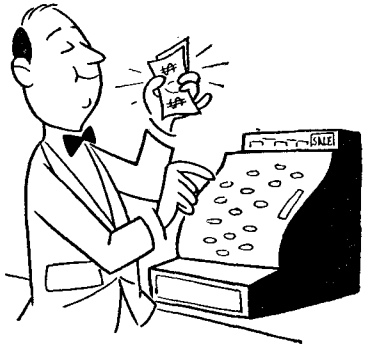
# THE BUSINESS BUILT ON A PATTERN




*By Samuel A. Siciliano*

THE FIRST WOMAN ever to make her own clothes was, logically, the First Woman. Eve, wife of Adam, walked to a fig tree, took down some leaves and followed the lead of the tailorbird, the winged "homebody" who sewed her nest by punching leaf edges with her bill and thrusting grass blades through the holes.

Today, milady has advanced considerably beyond the efforts of the tailorbird and follows directions contained in a four-by-six-inch envelope. Intrigued by a picture, she makes a selection and then buys complete packaged instructions — how much material to buy, where to cut it and how, and where to sew it and how. Outlines printed on easy-to-handle tissue paper take the guesswork from it all. All this costs her well under a dollar and, adding material, her time and patience, she will emerge, for club or tea, in a dress which will rate "oh's" of appreciation from her friends and "ah's" of satisfaction from her economy-minded husband.

It wasn't a simple transition from the tailorbird to pattern books. After Eve, women went on developing methods of their own, retaining and improving on methods handed down from mother to daughter. But home sewing remained an individual (and varied) endeavor until the year 1859, when a man named Butterick decided that what was good for one could be made good for many.

Ebenezer Butterick was a tailor who turned his talents to shirtmaking. In 1859, Ebenezer and his wife, Ellen, conceived the idea of a standard set of shirt patterns. They experimented for several years and on June 16, 1863, the first stiff paper Butterick shirt patterns were placed on the market. They were an immediate success and the demand became so great that the Buttericks set up a plant in Fitchburg, Mass.

With increased facilities, Mrs. Butterick suggested patterns for children's clothes. Soon there was a



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graded set for boys' suits, known as "Garibaldis," modeled after the uniforms worn by the Italian liberator's army. It was with the "Garibaldis" that the now familiar tissue paper was first used in patterns, for easier handling. The demand for "Garibaldis" was even greater than that for the shirt patterns.

THE BUSINESS grew to sizable proportions as dress patterns for women were added. Even their then meager directions for cutting and sewing were a boon to the woman who couldn't afford the expense of a professional dressmaker.

The company sold 6,000,000 patterns in 1871, and by 1876 had branches in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

Ebenezer Butterick died March 31, 1903, recognized as the founder of a great industry.

The successes of the Butterick Co. are not solely responsible for the envious position now held by the industry, of course. The Advance Pattern Co., McCall Corp., Simplicity and others added to the industry and, along with Butterick, brought it new ideas, better methods and, in general, clearer patterns. Sales promotion is tremendous and finds its mark.

Methods of operation and manufacture are constantly being improved. However, they do follow a basic "pattern," just as the present day clearly printed tissue patterns are basically similar to the stiff paper Butterick shirt patterns of the 1860's.

First, the designer makes a rough pencil sketch; then an artist makes a more finished drawing. Next, the design is draped in muslin and developed.

After the muslin draping is completed, it is ripped apart and a pattern, usually a size 16, is made from it on heavy paper. This serves as the master pattern and is sent to the grading department, which grades the larger and smaller sizes from it. Cutting layouts are sketched next and these are reproduced on the sewing and instruction sheet which go into the pattern package.

The patterns then go to the manufacturing department, where the tissue paper is perforated and cut. These, along with the printed instruction sheets and the pattern envelopes, are sent to the folding department, where the finished product is prepared for shipment to retail stores

Just about every pattern made includes all that is needed for economical, finished sewing. It is merely a question of practice, desire and common sense on the part of the "home sewer" to qualify her as her own clothier. One of the most important material things in her life, her wardrobe, is within her budget and within her ken, not through watching a bird thrust a blade of grass through a leaf edge but by purchasing the contents of an envelope, four-by-six. Inches, that is.

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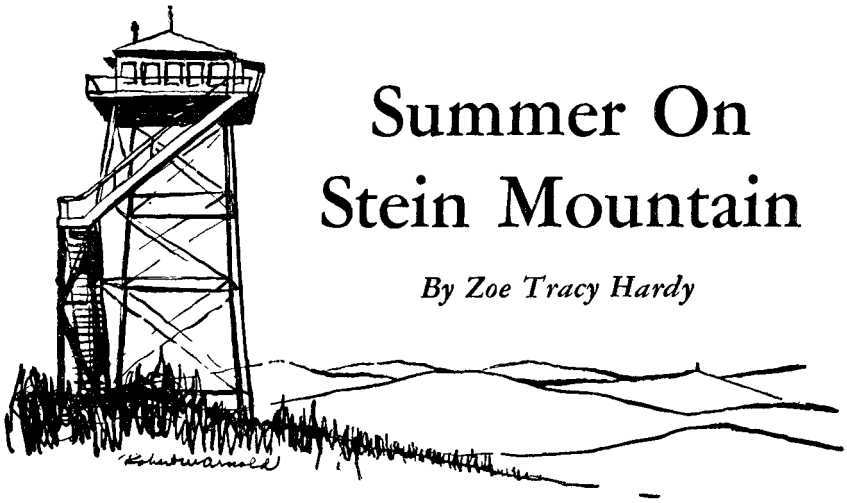

# Summer On Stein Mountain

*By Zoe Tracy Hardy*

MY HUSBAND and I lived on the very summit of Stein Mountain, in Idaho, for a summer. We were greenhorns. So was our mongrel pup, Espirit. The forest ranger for whom we were to be fire guards gave us our instructions and the names of creeks and valleys which we would soon come to know better than our own palms. Here was Shewag Creek, there Pyramid Peak, and this was the Blacktail Creek Trail. Everywhere the pines stood in classic columns clinging to nearly vertical slopes.

Shewag Creek was a half-way point in our trek up the mountain. We stopped to flop belly-down and drink; and from a tiny hole between rocks, a small animal appeared. It seemed to be a hybrid mouse-frog, green-black on its back, and white underneath. Swiftly it ran, on top of the water, downstream and out of sight under overhanging ferns. We had seen a watershrew, a creature seldom seen by even the most experienced foresters.

The last few feet of the climb brought us to a nearly level ridge at the end of which was Stein Mountain, and the lookout house which was to be our home. It was a two-story building, 14 feet square. The bottom floor was built of logs and housed the mysterious innards of the FM radio, which was our contact with all points of the forest. To the left of the maze of batteries and dials was a dry woodpile; stored in various corners was fire-fighting and pole climbing equipment. Our



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living quarters above was one room, completely surrounded by glass, and having a wide catwalk around the outside. The view in any direction: infinite miles of mountains.

Our furnishings were simple. In the center of the room stood the vital organ of the building, the fire-finder, a large box with an alidade on top. Our FM radio rested on a shelf in the open side of the box, and a telephone was fastened to the opposite side of it. Thus were we serviced for "primitive" living.

There was much to do. First we memorized the names of every mountain, gulch, stream and river in our district, so that when the time came, we would be able to describe the exact location of a fire. In three days' time we felt that we knew the wrinkles, twists and promontories, and were beginning our lives like little gods living atop a giant relief map.

TO THE NORTH and east of us were the forests and valleys of Montana, and directly east the Big Hole section of Montana, a flat bowl surrounded by the ragged teeth of its mountains. On a clear night at the far end of this valley we could see the faint pink glow of Anaconda. South of us far below in the Lemhi Valley, was the city of Salmon, nerve center of operations in the forest. West of us were numberless heavily timbered mountains rising on each side of the Salmon River Gorge, and stretching in to the Primitive Area, where the cougar and the bear may live most of their lives without experiencing the scent of man. At certain times of the day, the sun would strike the tops of some of these mountains, revealing white shimmering dots — other lookouts with their own, different worlds lying about their feet. Our isolation was complete, except for voices coming from the radio — other lookouts from their vantage points.

The season dreaded by those who live in the forest was soon at hand. The humidity would decrease a little every day; the pines would soon be brimming with combustible resins, and the dry thunderstorms would move in from the southwest. Every hour we made intensive checks of the green wilderness spreading below us in all directions. But we seemed always to have one eye alerted for smoke.

For endless pleasant days we did our chores, chopping wood, baking, carrying water, painting the lookout, repairing the gossamer-like telephone wire which connected us with the ranger station, and trying to think up new exotic ways to prepare canned food.

Usually, the tall fellow lookout from New Jersey would call the seminary student at his distant post in the Primitive Area. In a short time, we had become well acquainted with these formless voices, coming through the night from remote areas of the forest. The evening would begin with an exchange of

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supper menus. Other times, we would exchange reports on the wild life prevalent in the different areas.

The fellow in the Primitive Area had counted sixty bighorn sheep loitering near his lookout early in the morning. They had had a strange quality of unconcern, and would stand about sniffing and nuzzling the chunk salt which some forest ranger had carried miles over a narrow trail.

The couple from Michigan had a cow moose with twin calves camping in their lookout yard. The mother moose, greatly weakened by the nearly unprecedented delivery of two babies, lay near the salt block during the day, led her offspring to grass and water in the evening, and then returned some time early in the morning.

Our friend from Hackensack described a boxing-match between two young elk, who, feeling exhilarated by the cool morning, sat on their haunches and slashed at each other with their front hoofs.

WE HAD FATSO, a pet ground squirrel of venerable age and father of a prodigious family that lived in the rocks at the base of the lookout. He ate raw oatmeal from our hands, and when Espirit was absent on a long hunting expedition we would invite him inside the lookout where he investigated everything quickly, his sharp little nails clacking over the pots and pans.

Espirit, in a few short weeks, had lost her puppy chubbiness and her ribs were prominent under her soft copper-colored fur. Every day on the way to the spring, she flushed families of young grouse, but this was only for the sheer joy of creating a ruckus. One day she confidently rushed a nest hidden in a clump of wild buckwheat. Three eagles took wing with terrible dignity and circled noiselessly, talons arched and necks stretched forward, eyes piercing the ground in reconnaissance. The abashed dog sat back on her haunches and watched them disappear over the next ridge. She had learned to respect the eagle. Sometimes when we were busy, we would suddenly become aware of an immense quiet, and we knew that the tiny bluebirds and Fatso and his family were waiting for the great winged shadow to pass over the mountain and down to the valley.

We awakened early one morning to a terrible noise in the log story below and had found a great fat porcupine eating the tar paper lining of the south wall. What to do with him? Our forest ranger had asked us to kill porcupines because they were in excess of the ordinary supply, and were doing inestimable damage to the trees. Both of us felt that no matter how deep our contempt for the wheezy, bumbling, stupid thing, we could not kill it. Some of our compatriots on their far mountains suggested picking him up by his spiney tail (with gloved hands) and throwing him out. We

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compromised and left the door open three successive nights, and on the third night, surfeited with tar paper, he left us. We breathed easier.

One evening we had an intermountain concert. My husband and I played some recorder duets, Mr. New Jersey played a melancholy harmonica solo, and the seminary student, after giving us a detailed description of the spectacular growth of his beard to create an image of himself, sang some songs and accompanied himself on a ukulele.

THUS we lived quietly while we waited and waited for the monster fire to strike. Though the threat of man causing fires is an ever-present danger in heavily timbered country, in our thinly inhabited forest the real villain was lightning. The summer storms began in early July and occurred several times a week. The pattern was always the same. About two o'clock in the afternoon we could see small tufts of scattered cumulus clouds 70 or 80 miles away. They would change form and increase in volume. The level bottoms would drop into gray ragged tears of cloud, and a sudden thrust of wind would rise upward in the middle of the mass, pushing a dark rolling umbrella high above the center of the other clouds. The thunderhead would, by now, be well formed. In an hour or two we would hear the faint low rumble of thunder, and as the storm moved toward the Salmon River, we would see the first yellow fingers of lightning, touching treacherously the saddles and ridges of the distant mountains.

We would watch with growing excitement as the lightning crossed the river and began striking the foothills around our own mountains. The streaks of lightning now became complex, delicate webs, gone almost before their intricacies could be appreciated. Sometimes the bolts were sprinkled so quickly that we could not write them down fast enough; then we would each watch two directions, alternately writing and twisting the alidade to note the exact compass location of a strike.

The tumult at its height would last five minutes or so, and then pass over us into Montana. There was generally very little rain; just a few drops falling on the pine needles and evaporating like drops of water sprinkled on a hot iron.

Frequently, after the storms we would be confounded by false smokes — the sun shining on a distant wet rock slide, the saffron colored pollen drifting from trees which had been disturbed by the wind, or most realistic, a tiny vapor cloud rising from the tops of two or three trees and floating slowly upward. The lookout who reports false smoke is shamed indeed, especially if a crew is sent to find and fight the "fire" which may be miles of hard foot-travel from a road or trail. We had heard of over-excited lookouts who had turned in stars, the rising moon

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and the setting sun as fires, and we wished to be spared the humiliation of such a performance.

Each day after a storm we would carefully study the spots where lightning had hit, for sometimes the bolts will bury themselves deep in the carpet of the forest floor, or in the damp roots of a tree. There they will smolder for hours or days, and though many times they will finally extinguish themselves, there are other times when they will hold their heat, and eventually kindle the fuel lying in wait around them.

ONE CLEAR Sunday afternoon after a series of storms, I saw two thin spirals of smoke twisting V-shaped to the top of the ridge that rose south of Wagonhammer Creek. My first reaction was disbelief, then suddenly aware of all that must be done, and that the smoke would soon be visible to other lookouts, I cried, "Fire!" We scrambled for a report sheet, filled out the information, wind direction, velocity, type of fuel feeding the fire, closest passable road, and radioed it in, feeling inordinately important.

At midnight, I was watching through the glasses as a fringe of heavy timber caught fire. An unusually tall pine, its branches like extended arms, alive with flame, its trunk silhouetted against the background of red, suddenly came into the oval focus of the binoculars. The fire shifted to the next tree, leaving its hapless neighbor a tall charred skeleton forever stripped of its green and lavender, and its spicy odor.

By daylight the smoke had almost disappeared, and the rancher whose family had moved their household goods into a truck, ready to leave in a moment, began to think about unpacking. When the sun rose, we saw 800 acres of black smudge on the ridge below, a bizarre souvenir from a storm that had passed over days before and had left one sleeping spark deep in the roots of a small tree.

There were other storms and other fires, small flare-ups, and long lightning runners in the sparse grass of the grazing ranges. Toward the end of August, the afternoon thunderheads began to bring with them measurable precipitation and the danger lessened. We were first of the lookouts to have to come down, and we hated to leave.

The heavily-packed mules led the way down the slippery trail. We made the descent in silence except for the slop-slop of our heavy loggers' boots. From time to time, we looked over our shoulders toward the lookout. A week later, the only reminder of our summer in the forest was the feeling that we had drunk from some rejuvenating spring of happiness.

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# HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

THE proletarian Pegasus of the Communist conspiracy begot two unique literary heroes in past weeks, namely Harvey Matusow and Aristophanes. The former, a hastening Pilate, asked what is truth and a Federal judge gave him three years in the pokey to sweat out the answer. The Greek, dead more than 2,000 years, seems destined for a longer run in the *Daily Worker*.

This publication, in adopting Aristophanes as its own, defended the poet in no uncertain terms against what the *Worker* termed were assaults by the U.S. Post Office. Seems like the mailmen in California held up a volume of "Lysistrata" that had been shipped in from Australia. This aroused a great commotion in Beverly Hills and was quickly transformed into a civil liberties issue by David Platt, the Communists' cultural commissar.

"I suspect," trumpeted Platt, "that the real reason for clamping down on 'Lysistrata' is not its alleged obscenity, but its powerful anti-war theme . . . the banning is an offense that ranks with the suppression of the Bible by Justinian . . ."

Comrade David drops defense of the Bible at this point and says that the Post Office cossacks put Aristophanes on ice because he was an "anti-war" poet. Those of us who remember the hilarious pages of "Lysistrata" and the determined Athenian women may wonder if the pontifical Platt read the same play.

The charges of obscenity, says Platt, "came from the arrogant men in important posts who regard 'peace' as a dirty word." The *Worker* ignores the fact that the Post Office gendarmes didn't object to the comedy but the zippy illustrations in the seized volume. The tome, incidentally, has since been released.

Various historians all agree that the Greek was a conservative who frowned on the liberalism that eventually led Athens to destruction. But he also had a keen sense of humor, a characteristic unknown to the Communist conspiracy, and somewhere in his pagan retreat Aristophanes must be guffawing at the *Daily Worker's* bid to deify him along with Harvey, the lad who rode to Marxist sainthood on a lie. H. R.

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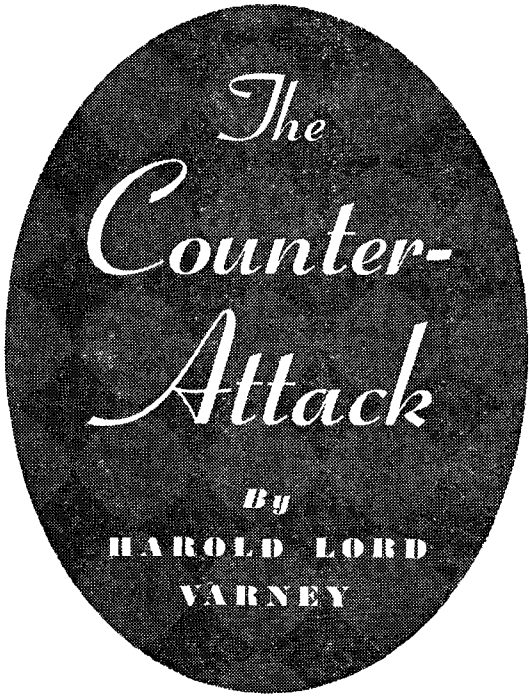


BATTLE-WEARY anti-Communists are now learning, with grim emphasis, that their victory is not yet won. The enemy is alive, and threatening.

Signs are multiplying that the discredited old Russia-firsters who disappeared into their storm cellars in 1948 and 1949, on the rebound of the Hiss exposé, are back in action. Voices which were believed to be permanently silenced are again sounding off. Sincere anti-Communists are being held up to public pillorying. Bogus anti-Communists are regaining the center of the publicity stage. We are in the presence of the counter-attack.

On the extreme Left, clouded figures which were driven into eclipse during the successive waves of Congressional investigations are defiantly re-emerging. Owen Lattimore is demanding a passport to go overseas to interpret America to the foreigner on the lecture platform. William H. Taylor, named by Miss Bentley as a member of the Silvermaster Red ring, is loudly demanding vindication. David N. Leff, a Federal Loyalty Board-defier who was finally dropped from UNESCO by a reluctant Director Luther H. Evans, is now emphatically demanding reinstatement.

Mrs. Annie Lee Moss, named as a Communist Party member by an FBI undercover agent, was restored to her Defense Department job after the civil liberties heat had been turned on Secretary Wilson, and her counsel was elevated to a high District of Columbia job. Harvey S. Matusow, sensing greener fields on the Left than on the Right, is now conducting a one-man smear campaign against Roy M. Cohn,



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while the New York dailies lavishly publicize him. Alger Hiss is writing a book, presumably with Book-of-the-Month Club royalties in expectation.

More alarming than any of these individual instances is the plain evidence of a concerted and deadly attack by professional "liberals," former Hiss defenders, and tired former anti-Communists, on the whole edifice of Federal security.

This has taken the form of the Thurmond Arnold-argued Peters case, in which the courts are being asked to rule that the Loyalty Review Board cannot dismiss government employees on "reasonable doubt." It has taken the form of the crusade by former anti-Communist Harry P. Cain to remove the Communist stigma from a witness who pleads the Fifth Amendment. It is seen in the Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.-McGeorge Bundy-Ernest Angell assault upon the protected anonymity of Justice Department informers. It is instanced in the cry-baby Edward Corsi attack upon honest State Department enforcement of the McCarran-Walter Act. It appears in the attempted martyrization of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer by a claque headed by the Alsop brothers and Edward R. Murrow in an effort to break down the security safeguards of the AEC. It is instanced in the campaign, touched off by the Matusow case, to discredit such brave ex-Communists as Louis F. Budenz, Elizabeth Bentley, Paul Crouch, Manning Johnson, etc., and to invalidate their testimony. It is seen in the drive to discredit the FBI, sparked by such critics as Alan Barth, Max Lowenthal, Americans for Democratic Action and others. It is manifested in the continuous pressure upon the President to relax his Executive Order 10450 — a pressure to which Mr. Eisenhower yielded in part on March 5th.

On an administrative level, it has taken the form of a terrorization of courageous public officials who have been conspicuous in their vigilance against suspected infiltrators. The hue and cry is now being directed, not against the Communists and the fellow travelers, but against such men as Scott McLeod, who has done such an outstanding job in cleaning up the State Department; against John G. Cassity and Milan D. Smith of the Department of Agriculture who brought to light the buried facts in the career of Wolf Ladejinsky; against William A. Gallagher of the Department of Justice, who prepared the case against Val R. Lorwin; or against the effective Don A. Surine of Senator McCarthy's staff.

The objective of these reprisals is crystal clear. They are designed to put fear into all Federal security officers of the ruin that may await them if they take their anti-Communist mission too seriously.

All of this adds up to an extremely serious situation for the anti-Com-

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munist movement. The emotional wave which made possible the extraordinary gains of the 1948–52 period is running down. The whole laboriously constructed system of safeguards against the Communists which culminated in the McCarran Act and the Federal Security System is in grave danger of weakening before the anti-Communist sappers.

The lowering crisis has caught many ordinarily intelligent Americans by surprise. All too many anti-Communists are mentally unprepared for a rigorous period of competition with the anti-anti-Communists. They have let down their polemic guards.

Since the Washington Russia-firsters collapsed in 1948 under the revelations of Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers, anti-Communism has won a spectacular series of smashing victories. The conviction of Hiss, the McCarthy State Department exposé of 1950 and its vindication in the rout of Tydings in 1952, the masterful McCarran Committee probe of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1951–52, the indictment of Owen Lattimore, the McCarthy and Jenner Committee inquiries of 1953 before the White House lowered the boom, the indictment and conviction of the first- and second-string Communists, and finally the passage of the monumental McCarran Act illegalizing the Communist Party, were tremendous victories.

Any or all of them would have been unthinkable any time between 1933 and 1948. It is understandable that anti-Communists should have felt that they were definitely in the driver's seat.

In this assumption, they failed to reckon with the determined tenacity of the Left.

A warning sign which should have alerted the anti-Communists to the approaching danger was the suspiciously sudden conversion of nearly all of the old Russia-firsters to anti-Communism. After 1948, the wartime "Trust Stalin" cult went over almost en masse to anti-Communism. They did not defect as penitents. They swarmed into the anti-Communist movement with the fixed determination to eliminate or discredit the old Right-of-center anti-Communists. The apparent play was to take over the anti-Communist movement and to emasculate it.

THREE ambitious organizations occur to the mind as the spearheads of this anti-anti-Communist strategy. They are the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, the Committee for an Effective Congress and the Americans for Democratic Action. Each has played a different but extremely effective role.

From the standpoint of anti-Communist morale, the American Committee for Cultural Freedom has probably been the most lethal. Taking a lofty "civil liberties" pose, the

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Committee has, with some success, attempted to convey to the lay public that all other fighters against Communism in America, except themselves, are little better than nasty "Fascists."

Headed by the ex-Trotskyite, Dr. Sidney Hook, subsidized by the Rockefeller Foundation and miscellaneous angels, the committee has become a sort of collect-all for that curious species of anti-Communist who believes in fighting Communists — yes — but not in fighting them too hard. It is typical of the Committee that, when Joe McCarthy was being wracked on the wheel by the whole wolf pack of the Left, instead of defending him, it sponsored a book repeating all the anti-McCarthy venom. But when Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer was denied clearance by the AEC, the Committee honored him by electing him as a committeeman.

Of course, such organizations are merely the triggers. Standing behind them and giving them powerful political momentum are all the miscellany of pressure groups — labor, church, teacher, internationalist, business, anti-immigration restriction, civil liberties, New Deal — which constituted the old Roosevelt-Truman coalition, and which are now all professedly "anti-Communist." All these movements, with their millions of adherents, are fanatically dedicated to the purpose of driving genuine anti-Communists out of the Washington picture.

But the anti-anti-Communists would still be an ineffective force were it not for the 1952 windfall which they received in the delivery of the Republican Party into the hands of the Eastern "moderates." Anti-Communists, so long frowned upon by the White House under the long reigns of Roosevelt and Truman, naturally assumed that the advent of a Republican administration would mean the final cleaning out of the remaining Leftist disease spots in the Federal government. It would mean a full-dress exposé of the responsibility for Communist-pampering in Washington by Republican-controlled Congressional committees. It has not worked out that way.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, himself a sincere anti-Communist, won the Republican nomination in such a manner as to make him the prisoner of the go-easy-on-Communists faction of the Party. He has mistakenly deepened the breach between himself and such grass-roots Republicans as General MacArthur, Senators Bridges, Knowland, McCarthy, Jenner, Bricker, Dirksen, Welker, etc. He has chosen to take his counsel on strategy from such atypical figures as Paul G. Hoffman, John J. McCloy, Milton S. Eisenhower, Sherman Adams, Bernard Shanley and Maxwell Rabb. Wrongly briefed on Communist issues, temperamentally disinclined to all-out decisions, uneasily sensitive to mischievous

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British carpings at American policies, the President has been a cruel disappointment to Americans who had expected a dynamic, anti-Communist administration.

An early harbinger of what was to come was the March 1953 watering-down of the Yalta-Potsdam resolution to eliminate any pledge of the United States to repudiate the commitments. By this White House-induced action, the world was placed on notice that the new Administration did not intend to break with the Russia-appeasing policies of the Roosevelt-Truman administrations. The Republicans accepted the legacy of Yalta.

The Korean War armistice, which was in effect a formal recognition by the Republican administration that we had abandoned any intention of aiding the restoration of Chiang Kai-shek's rule in China, was the next major blow to the anti-Communists. It was a virtual announcement that the Republican "liberation" promise had been dishonored.

These foreign policy blunders were followed by equally stupid decisions in the domestic field. The furious White House war against the Bricker Amendment showed that the administration was out of step with the anti-Communists. When 11 Republican Senators, who had sponsored the original Bricker Amendment in the 82nd Congress, weakened under Eisenhower pressure and voted against the Amendment in the 83rd, it was plain that the effort was underway to remake the Republican Party into an organization in which thorough-going anti-Communists would not feel at home.

Incidents followed in quick succession to confirm this impression. The smear campaigns against Senator McCarthy in 1954, touched off by the notorious January 21 caucus of White House advisers, were correctly interpreted as a counter-assault against all active anti-Communists, as well as against McCarthy, the symbol.

When the first lynching party failed, thanks to the fairmindedness of Senators Dirksen and Mundt, the same White House group, assisted by the Committee for an Effective Congress, renewed the attempt in the form of the "censure" special session, using for their front the contemptible Ralph E. Flanders.

Equally disquieting was the discouragement of Congressional investigations and the continuance of the old Truman road-block against the testimony of executive department witnesses before such Congressional bodies.

An unmistakable sign that the new administration was wobbly on important anti-Communist issues was the sabotage of the Reece Committee to investigate the foundations. The revelations in the McCarran Committee probe of the Institute of Pacific Relations of the incredible role played by the foundations had highlighted the fact that

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some of the most highly respected foundations were actively behind the anti-anti-Communists. An unsparing investigation of the political activities of the foundations would seem to have been in order.

When Representative B. Carroll Reece secured the passage of his resolution, he quickly discovered that he was facing a deep freeze, as far as top Republican cooperation was concerned. Republican House leaders, reflecting White House attitudes, were markedly unsympathetic to Reece's efforts. For eight months, the work of the Reece Committee was seriously handicapped by the non-action of Chairman Karl Lecompte of the Accounts Committee on necessary funds for the Committee's research. It was evident, throughout, that Representative Reece was on his own. That the Committee was able, despite the sabotage, to produce such a powerful report, was a tribute to Mr. Reece and his able staff, rather than to the Administration.

In such an increasingly unsympathetic Eisenhower Administration, anti-Communists find themselves today sinking into a defensive role. The old days of confident, dramatic action are behind them. The spark is going out of their attack. When a Murray Kempton, writing in the New York *Post*, can sneer that a New York dinner of anti-Communists is a "last night," the duty of self-examination is clear.

This is not to say that anti-Communism has lost the future. What should be said is that anti-Communists, if they do not quickly regain their badly dented morale, may be in a fair way to lose the present. The task facing anti-Communists in 1955 is not insuperable, but it is painfully harder.

The counter-attack is in confident progress. Anti-Communists, if they are to hold the offensive, must meet it by quickened efforts and by shrewder strategy. The greatest foe is the over-confidence which leads to tactical stagnation.

» Shortly before the Civil War, Senator Robert Toombs, a Georgian, went on a speaking tour, urging citizens to vote for secession. Toombs was a dramatic orator. At the climax of one of his speeches, he declared: "Why, we can whip those Yankees with corn stalks!"

After the war, with Georgia in ruins, Toombs was again running for the Senate. During one of his campaign orations, a man yelled from the crowd, "Remember, Bob, when you wanted us to secede — you told us we could whip those Yankees with corn stalks."

Toombs shot back: "Yes, I said that — and we coulda done it, too. But those confounded Yankees wouldn't fight us with corn stalks!"

— *Quote* WASHINGTON BUREAU

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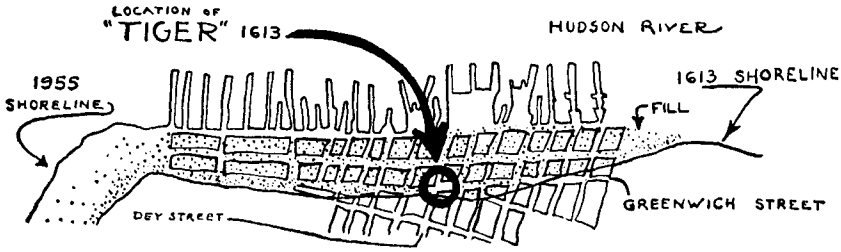
# SUBWAY SKELETON

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE




IT WAS a frosty November day in 1613. Captain Adrian Block, Dutch explorer, adventurer, and master of the slim clipper, *Tiger*, sipped his schnapps in his tiny cabin. The *Tiger* was anchored offshore of what is now Manhattan Island. Block was gloating over his books and his trades with the Lenape Indians. He had given but little in trade-goods for a terrific cargo of otter, beaver and other skins.

As Block tried to figure profits for himself and his crew, which also had a stake in the skins, he suddenly felt heat and heard the dreaded word, "Vuur." Block rushed to the deck. The ship was in flames.

"*Get het schipp aan de grond*," he shouted. In response to his order, the crew drove the ship into a mud flat on the east bank of the Hudson, where the furs were unloaded, as the ship burned to the waterline. As a golden, Indian-summer sun began to sink behind the fall-dressed trees across the river, Block wondered what to do. The Indians came to his assistance. They helped Block and his crew build four rude bark huts on what is now the site of the building at 39 Broadway, and supplied them "over the winter" with dried venison, fish and corn meal. *This was the first settlement on Manhattan*, 13 years before later Hollanders bought the island for $24.

Block and his crew, with the aid of the friendly Indians, began felling the big oak and hickory trees growing near the shore in order to lay the keel of a new ship. This was the *Onrust*, a good New York word meaning "restless." But let's digress.

It was April 1916, and in excavating for an extension of the Interborough Subway, workmen's shovels hit a strange object below Dey and Greenwich Streets.

"Bust it up," a worker shouted. "Let's get going."

James A. Kelly, foreman on the job and now Kings County His-



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torian, heard the outcries and ran to the spot.

"What are you going to bust up?" he asked.

"This," said a workman, pointing.

The charred remains of a partial prow, keel and timbers protruded from beneath 11 feet of clearly defined sand layers, the silt deposited by centuries of river and tidal action.

"Don't touch it," Kelly ordered.

Kelly rushed to a telephone. He told city officials of the great discovery. He argued and begged and learned to his sorrow there were no funds for further exploration. In effect, he was told, "Skip it, Jamie, and go back to work." Disconsolate, Kelly returned to the project. "Get some cross-cut saws," he ordered. "Saw off what's protruding." The workmen did and the charred timbers were raised to Dey Street. What to do with them?

"I pondered the question," Mr. Kelly said the other day. "Then I remembered friends of mine at the old Aquarium on the Battery, and presented the timbers to them. The timbers were tossed into the seal tank, where they remained for 27 years. When the Aquarium was closed, I retrieved them again, and they are now on exhibition at the Marine Museum of the City of New York, at 103rd and Park Avenue."

The one important thing (aside from a Dodgers-Giant game) that entices Jamie Kelly from Brooklyn, is his "own" corner at Greenwich and Dey, in Manhattan.

He'll stand there for a little while, as though guarding a secret, or a treasure, while crowds pour into and out of the subway entrances.

"Not one in a million," he will tell you, "who have raced up and down the subway stairs and crossed the streets know the story.

"See that traffic light stanchion? Some 35 feet below the street surface, in the muck and the ooze, rests the charred skeleton of the *Tiger*.

"Down there, in what's left of her, is the oldest authentic relic known of the Dutch occupation. And when the bones are brought to the surface, the engineers will find delft (old Dutch china), axes, broken clay pipes, pieces of anchor chain. I *know* because we found such artifacts in our small look back in 1916. What happened to them? I suppose that during the subsequent excitement, after the discovery, souvenir hunters carried them away. But I'm sure there are plenty more down there — as we shall see."

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, curator of the Marine Museum, has one thing in common with Jamie Kelly. For just as Jamie likes to stand on the corner of Greenwich and Dey, Curator Williamson loves to stand beside the timber relics of the ship — and talk. Williamson, quiet and persuasive, believes the hull of the *Tiger* is undoubtedly a priceless relic and it ought to be dug up.

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Williamson relates that the shoreline of Manhattan, three centuries ago, was farther inland than today and that many tall buildings now towering in lower Manhattan were built on filled-in land. "History, and old maps, reveal to us that the shoreline of Manhattan, when Adrian Block's ship caught fire and burned in November 1613, was what is now Greenwich Street. At that time, the maps tell us, the shoreline was some eighth of a mile from what is now Greenwich and Dey Streets. Again, history tells us that the waterfront fill-in was not undertaken until 1763, and not finished until many years later. The fact that the parts of the skeleton were embedded in deep strata of silt indicates that the ship must have been gradually covered by this silting over periods long before 1763."

WILLIAMSON will tell you there were some doubting Thomases as to the authenticity of the skeleton of the *Tiger*.

One point made was that during the excavation eight skulls were found and that they had nothing at all to do with the *Tiger*. The skulls belonged to a much later era. It was finally established that the skulls had come from the back yard of a sailor's boarding house, notorious for its practice of shanghaiing seamen.

A second point was made of the discovery of broken clay smoking pipes. The doubters pointed to the fact that tobacco was unknown to the Dutch in 1613. The archives of The Hague refuted this, reporting that tobacco had been imported from the Dutch East Indies for many years prior to 1613, and that clay pipes were common.

Williamson, Kelly and other historians *know* that the subway skeleton is that of the *Tiger*. All facts point to it. But they are awaiting reports from Columbia University and the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Columbia University is carbonizing a piece of wood cut from the prow of the ship. From this radioactivity tests can determine the age of the wood — almost within a matter of months. Bethlehem Steel's laboratories is doing the same thing, in a different way, with a giant-sized nail.

When the reports are received, as Williamson pointed out, the historians will "go to town." Then there will be no official doubt that the *Tiger*, down there in the silt, *is* the *Tiger*.

"Let's bring it to sunlight," smiled Williamson. "All we have to do is sink a 40-foot shaft. The operation would interfere but little with traffic, and what a priceless possession we would have. When it is finally authenticated, through the tests, we will ask the city for the funds."

"With the ever-changing New York picture," Williamson said, "we will excavate it now — or never."

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One kangaroo mother complained to another kangaroo mother: "Don't you hate these days when kids can't play outside?" — *Big Noise*, 1st 105MM HOWITZER BATTALION, RICHMOND, VA.

When General Curtis LeMay, tough chief of Strategic Air Command, landed at Andrews Air Force Base and stood in the doorway puffing a cigar with the plane's engines still running, an enlisted man on the ground exclaimed, "Doesn't he know the plane might catch fire?"

Another ground crew man murmured, "It wouldn't dare!" — *Quote*

A small boy presented a well-worn, dirty volume at the return desk of the public library. The librarian glanced at the book, at its title, then at the size of the boy, and remarked: "This is rather technical, isn't it?"

Planting his feet firmly on the floor and looking her squarely in the eye, he answered, half-defiantly, "It was that way when I got it."

— *Capper's Weekly*

There's nothing wrong with any psychiatrist that a couple of wealthy neurotics couldn't cure. — *Tempo*

A man who'd advertised his suburban house for sale received a call from an interested party while a hurricane was approaching his neighborhood. "May I come right over?" asked the prospective buyer.

"Don't bother to come here to look at the house," said the seller, "It'll be there in 15 minutes."

— ROBERT Q. LEWIS (CBS)

Pretty as a doll and just as dumb, she floated through the cocktail lounge with a fuzzy poodle under her arm. She seated herself, and as a waiter prepared to take her order, baby-talked the dog into exasperation.

Trying to comfort the fidgeting animal, she cooed: "There, there, now, Mama's itsy-bitsy baby — nobody's going to hurt 'oo."

The poodle settled after a while and the girl turned big blue eyes to meet the icy glare of the waiter: "Your first dog, madam?"

— *Tit-Bits*



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A little man came into the office of a psychiatrist. "I was wondering," the little man said timidly, "if you could split my personality for me."

The doctor looked puzzled. "Split your personality? Why would you want that done?"

Tears ran down the little man's face. "Oh, Doctor," he wailed, "I'm so lonesome!" — *Swing*

The mother lion opened her eyes lazily and saw her young son chasing a hunter around and around a tree. "Junior," she called, "don't play with your food." — *Gator, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, Norfolk, Va.*

The late Mr. Henry Ford, in an interview with a young reporter, was asked just what he felt were the disadvantages of great wealth. "Well," replied Mr. Ford sadly, "for me it was when Mrs. Ford quit cooking." — *Tit-Bits*

A class was asked to write an essay on Quakers. One little girl closed hers in this fashion:

"Quakers are very meek people who never fight and never answer back. My father is a Quaker — but my mother isn't." — *Bluebird Briefs*

A girl in a low-cut dress asked her doctor what to do about a cold.

"The first thing," said the doctor, "is to go home, get dressed, and go to bed." — *Mileposts*

Jimmy asked his mother to do his arithmetic.

"No, dear," she replied, "it just wouldn't be right."

"Maybe it wouldn't," countered the boy, "but you could try."

The defendant's name was called in court. To the astonishment of everyone present, he stood up in the jury box.

"What are you doing up *there*?" the clerk demanded.

"I was called to serve on the jury," the man said meekly.

"But surely you knew that must be a mistake. You realize that you cannot sit on a jury and judge your own case?"

"I suppose not," admitted the man. "I did think it was a bit of luck."



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# ARE AMERICANS REALLY CRAZY?

*By Robert Donlevin*

"NO," RETORTS a Frenchman who knows us well. He is Raymond Cartier, recognized as his country's top foreign correspondent and currently the editor of *Paris-Match*, France's largest-circulation magazine. Cartier has been reporting on the U.S. scene for several years, has visited every one of the 48 states. Although his book, *Les 48 Ameriques* (The 48 Americas) is primarily a light, journalistic treatment, this profoundly French Frenchman has very successfully understood and explained to his continental readers the soul and flesh of America.

Letting the chips fall where they may, Cartier pulls no punches when he finds something to criticize. But no one can read his book without realizing that he is an ardent admirer of America and Americans. This is most strikingly demonstrated in Cartier's concluding chapter, in which he gives the lie to half a dozen myths now circulating abroad about Americans.

Our French champion finds the bill of particulars brought home by the overseas visitor to our shores usually covers everything from Americans' sex life (more talk than action) and drinking practices (half of them are under the table by seven P.M.) to their work habits (hectic over-exertion and existence in general, monotonous).

All of this has helped to build a pyramid of myths about the United States which, like all fascinating distortions, die hard. Here are some of the more startling ones noted by Cartier followed by a summary of his comment.

**Myth No. 1:** The average American is a bored neurotic who doesn't know how to live. He seeks escape in drink or on his analyst's couch.

**Cartier:** The American is not a neurotic. He is conscious of his privileged position in the world and enjoys the advantages of being an American and living in America with a satisfaction that is, in itself, a "joy of living." Escape through alcohol is the way of a minority who have difficulty adjusting themselves to society. If the reason is supposed to be boredom, what about England, Scotland, Scandinavia, Germany — and even France, which easily holds the world's record for the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant. If the American is slightly



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more inclined toward Freud and psychoanalysis than his European cousin, it is because of a greater natural curiosity about new theories.

**Myth No. 2:** Americans are obsessed by sex.

**Cartier:** There is nothing so unusual about the American's sex life. His inhibitions don't appear any greater than those — very relative — of European Protestants. The scientific studies of Professor Kinsey demonstrate an erotic activity quite reassuring on that score. If the American commits a few more sex crimes, it's because he isn't tolerant enough in dealing with the problem of prostitution.

**Myth No. 3:** Americans are more materialistic than Europeans.

**Cartier:** Europeans might have a right to complain about American materialism if they themselves were only interested in the higher things of life. It's true that Americans think and talk a great deal about money. But the greediness of European farmers or merchants is unrivaled. France ranks high among the scorners of American materialism, but the French gorge themselves with rich foods to the point where liver trouble has become their national disease. It is more likely that materialism is a human rather than a national trait.

**Myth No. 4:** American family life is practically nonexistent. Husband and wife live apart, go to their respective clubs, hardly ever see each other even to sleep together.

**Cartier:** As is often the case, the actions of a noticeable but tiny minority have been extended to cover the whole nation and millions upon millions of homes which constitute the only real America. The luxurious women's clubs of New York and Los Angeles — now in decline, by the way — were the expression of a noisy emancipation and they never accounted for more than a handful of well-to-do ladies. The typical American woman is more often a domestic tyrant who confines her horizon to the gate of her yard.

The vast majority of American men are homebodies who help raise their children, wash the dishes, mow the lawn, are correct in their relations with their in-laws and are tied to their household economy by the debts they incur when they bought and furnished their home on the installment plan. The great power of the woman, coupled with the tyranny of the children, holds family unity in a vice-like grip.

It's the divorce rate that leads Europeans to believe in the loosening of family ties in America. Actually the vast majority of couples who seek divorce in the U.S. are not trying to break away from family life but only to change from one family to another. Most divorce proceedings are instituted with a remarriage in mind, the partner already chosen. The rarity of organized adultery, the opprobrium attached to extramarital affairs, the seriousness

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with which Americans take love, even when it is only a brief encounter, lead them to dissolve their marriages should they fall in love with somebody else.

Some sociologists say that if American men and women did as Europeans do and took to mistresses and lovers in the belief that an outside affair was better than the breakup of a home, the frequency of divorce would diminish greatly. But this reasoning is scandalous. It offends the dignity of marriage. It is better to destroy the union than to sully it. Divorce thus tends to prevent adultery and becomes a marital safety valve.

**Myth No. 5:** America is a hectic country where everything is done at breakneck speed.

**Cartier:** America is really a slow country. Things are rarely improvised on the spur of the moment. Almost everything is carefully organized. Decisions are coolly calculated. Preliminary studies are more thoroughly carried out, plans are more meticulously drawn up than anywhere else. Real speed doesn't enter the picture until the organization and preparation are perfected. But then it is the speed of the system — not of the men involved. The symbol of America is the construction of a New York skyscraper. They begin by digging a hole in which nothing seems to happen for weeks or even months. Then the building begins to shoot up a story a day although the construction gangs hardly seem to be working.

And among the bosses, the engineers, the politicians and professional men, the race against the clock is less intense than in Europe. An important American always seems to be able to give you some time. It's easier to see the governor of a big state than the prefect of a small French department.

**Myth No. 6:** America is a monotonous country. "There is nothing to learn in America because everything is alike," Cartier once heard an important European statesman say in New York. "The same drugstores, the same filling stations, the same juke boxes every place."

**Cartier:** As if there was such a striking difference among the bistros, grocery stores and player pianos in France. Economic unity has given America a certain uniformity, but variety in landscape, climate and people remain its dominant trait. A country which has Saharan deserts, Scandinavian forests, a Brittany in the North, a Guiana in the South, Alps in the West, immense plains, huge cities, all the races of the earth with their mores and problems, the Mormons, the Amish, Father Divine, the colonial architecture of Virginia, the Puritan style of New England, the ranch style of California, Hollywood, New York, feelings carried over from the Civil War, ideas springing from the Hussites, Indian artisans and atomic industry — such a country can be called anything but monotonous.

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# Gray Whales of the Pacific

BY MARK McMILLIN

From late December to late March, Californians living near the coast are likely to get out their binoculars and watch for the gray whales which annually migrate southward from their summer home in the Western Bering Sea to calve and breed in the warm lagoons of Baja California. These great sea giants — *rhachianectes glaucus*, if you are scientific — are called baleen whales, because, instead of teeth, they have plates of baleen or whalebone hanging from the upper jaw. These plates, from two to ten feet long and as much as a foot wide, are attached to the upper jaw side by side, and form a fringe-like sieve by which food, which consists chiefly of small sea life, is retained in the mouth.

During the 1953–54 season, approximately 1,000 whales were spotted by "watchers," who undoubtedly missed many. During 1954–55, the number was expected to be larger, perhaps reaching 3,000, as the giants have been increasing steadily since 1938, when whaling was prohibited by international law.

Whale watchers, scientists and laymen alike, report that the sight of a herd, called a "pod," cruising along close to the coastline is one of nature's most fascinating spectacles. Moving at the rate of 4 or 5 knots, they flip their huge flat tails up into the air, dive straight downward and then after five to twenty minutes, once more propel themselves to the surface, spouting water ten feet from the blowhole on the top of the head. Contrary to popular belief, this water is not taken in through the mouth, but is only the natural exhalation, the blowhole being directly connected with the lungs.

For whales, being mammals, must breathe air in order to sustain life. However, since they require air at much longer intervals than do land animals, they surface only occasionally, forcibly expel the air still remaining in the lungs, and then take on a fresh supply. The expelled air is highly charged with watery vapor, which condenses when emitted into the cold atmosphere, and then rises from the blowhole as a stream of spray. Hence, the well-known cry of the old-time whalers, "Thar she blows!"

These California gray whales weigh from 15 to 30 tons, are from 30 to 45 feet long, and of a mottled gray color. Unlike the grampus or killer whale, they have no sharp dorsal fins, but propel their great bodies by means of a flat tail, measuring up to twelve feet across, which steers them through the water when



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swimming horizontally. It acts as a lever to lift them to the surface, and also, with two or three movements, drives them down into the ocean depths, after 45 to 60 minutes of surfacing.

Whales are the largest living animals today, and, judging from fossils so far discovered, they are probably the largest animals that have ever inhabited the globe. During the process of transforming themselves from great hairy animals with four legs, the hind legs have entirely disappeared, and the front legs, which are enveloped in sacs, have degenerated into flippers.

From early February to late March, whales give birth in tropical waters to calves, which measure from 14 to 17 feet. The herds frolic around in the warm lagoons till the calves are ready for the 6,000-mile swim to northern waters, during which time they are nursed by the mother whales.

Although during both the southern and northern migrations the whales may be seen at almost any point along the Southern California coast, watchers usually prefer three most likely spots. One of these is the Point of Palos Verdes, the peninsular location of the new Marine Oceanarium, open daily to the public. During the season the big whales usually remain only a few hundred yards offshore.

A second vantage point from which to watch the migration is Scripps Pier at La Jolla; and the third is the Observatory at Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma near San Diego. Here, from the high point which rises to a 510-foot elevation, visibility is exceptionally good. The Observatory has a battery of telescopes for the use of visitors, as well as a fine photographic display of whales, and a map showing the migration route southward and westward.

The gray whales which annually move southward are only a small remnant of the great herds that used to populate the Pacific. Gradually during the thousand-year whaling industry, they were decimated by whalers, who hunted them both for their blubber — which was made into oil — and for the whalebones, used in women's clothing.

Now that whaling is prohibited by international law, scientists believe that the sea leviathans will become more and more numerous, though hardly as abundant as in 1848, when the San Diego Bay was so filled with whales as to impede the regular movements of boats and ships. Even so, visitors today who wish a close-up view of the whales may embark on a 60-foot San Diego sportfisher boat and follow the gray whales at a distance of 50 feet. Those hardy enough to venture such an experience will then witness a most fascinating spectacle — the sight of a huge whale flipping completely out of the water, and standing momentarily on its tail.

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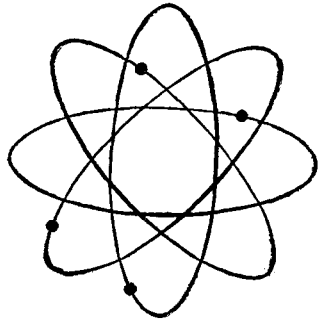
# *The* ATOMIC BRAIN TRUST *and the* Young Scientists

*By* FRANCES P. BARTLETT



J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, long-time glamor boy of the atomic scientists, took a nose dive when deemed a security risk and barred from access to secret atomic data. With all the sensational appeal of a Hollywood premiere, the flood gates went down before a stampede of scientists, educators, Left-wing commentators and columnists, clamoring in Dr. Oppenheimer's defense.

They have had a field day beating the tom-toms for J. Robert while charging the present administration of the United States Government with everything from ingratitude to witch-hunting.

Despite the four-to-one decision of the Atomic Energy Commission rejecting security clearance for Dr. Oppenheimer, the Federation of American Scientists, the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, and a petition signed by 501 Los Alamos scientists, sponsored by Dr. L. Ribe, came to Dr. Oppenheimer's defense, charging the AEC and the Eisenhower Administration with "breach of faith," politically motivated.

Ray Tucker, columnist, in a dispatch on July 1, 1954, stated that the defense of Dr. Oppenheimer has reached such proportions as to threaten our national security and concludes: "It has already lined up the scientific intelligentsia against the government in the thermonuclear war with Russia." And all because the "scientific intelligentsia" resent being brought under security regulations which may mean the life or death of this nation.

Do these scientists feel that because they "borned" this unholy terror, which now holds the entire world in its grip, they are entitled to special dispensations over and



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beyond the government and its people? Soaring aloft in a stratospheric world of their own, is no one entitled to examine the warp and woof of their mental processes, especially now that their own handiwork threatens the very existence of people everywhere?

MOST OUTSPOKEN among the defenders of Dr. Oppenheimer is Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, one of our greatest scientific institutions and one which has been entrusted with so much secret research for the government.

Dr. DuBridge, when addressing the American Institute of Engineers, and 1,500 scientists attending the meeting of the Institute of Food Technologists, assailed the barring of Dr. Oppenheimer from atomic secrets. While characterizing Dr. Oppenheimer as "a very great and admittedly loyal scientist," Dr. DuBridge lashed out against "unjust, exasperating and damaging criticism which higher education now is undergoing . . . causing a widespread distrust and castigation of intellectuals."

In addition to Dr. DuBridge, who testified in behalf of Dr. Oppenheimer before the Atomic Energy subcommittee, Dr. Robert F. Bacher and Dr. C. C. Lauritsen, also of Caltech, rushed to the defense with a joint statement in which they said: "Probably no scientist has shown greater devotion to our country or contributed more to its strength." Dr. Linus Pauling, head of Caltech's chemistry department, a controversial figure in his own right, advanced his defense of the great scientist.

Meanwhile the Alsop brothers, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, credited Dr. DuBridge with having "sparked a committee to raise money for Dr. Oppenheimer's defense . . . The immediate object," said the Alsops, "is to raise the sum of $50,000. Ultimately there are plans for raising a very much larger sum, as a sort of permanent defense fund against politically inspired attacks on the scientific community."

This sounds strangely reminiscent of some of the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union, which according to one of its spokesmen, raised money to see that the top-flight Communists got a fair trial in the courts. Dr. DuBridge, however, denied the Alsops' allegation, although he did not raise an objection to his own faculty members raising a fund for the defense of Dr. Sidney Weinbaum when he was arrested for having lied about his Communist membership.

The liberal views of Dr. DuBridge predate his presidency at Caltech. The Communist newspaper, the *Daily Peoples World* of May 29, 1946, quoted Dr. DuBridge as saying: "The sharing of scientific data with Russia is 'indispensable' to the future of the peoples of the world." Three years later, on July 15, 1949,

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it carried an article regarding Dr. DuBridge's opposition to loyalty tests for students working on atomic energy wherein he characterized the FBI plan as introducing police methods to American youth. And as regards academic freedom, Dr. DuBridge was quoted in the Los Angeles *Herald* and *Express* on June 10, 1950, as making the uncompromising statement that: "We must sternly oppose the use of Communistic methods of dictating to free scholars the opinions they must have and the doctrines they must teach."

Obviously even the "liberals" can get so carried away with some of their own ideas that we must stop and ponder the effect of these rationalizations upon less mature minds. Students, ambitious to become great scientists in their own right, may not stop to reason that being a great scientist is incompatible neither with a religious faith nor complete loyalty to one's own country.

But how are these students to reconcile the logic of their masters when the educational hierarchy refute incontrovertible evidence in case after case of security risks?

In June 1950, Dr. Sidney Weinbaum, Russian-born Caltech jet propulsion scientist, was indicted by a Federal grand jury and subsequently found guilty on three counts of perjury and one of fraud, for falsely denying his Communist affiliation when first screened for secret government work.

According to sworn testimony at the Weinbaum trial, Caltech was notified by the Army on July 7, 1949, that Dr. Weinbaum was a poor security risk. Although immediately separated from the jet propulsion laboratory, Dr. Weinbaum was not fired but given a teaching position while Caltech appealed his case.

During the trial, a score of witnesses who were or had been connected with Caltech, including Frank Oppenheimer, former Caltech professor and brother of the atomic scientist, testified that Dr. Weinbaum recruited members into the Communist Party which operated Professional Cell Number 122 on the Caltech campus.

While the Weinbaum case was still in litigation, the Caltech director of the Guggenheim Jet Propulsion Center, Dr. Hsuo Shen Tsein, was halted, virtually with one foot on the gangplank, in his attempted flight to Communist China. The Immigration Service called for his arrest, September 7, 1950, when they found him attempting to ship eight cases of classified scientific data to China.

Dr. Tsien, losing his deportation appeal, when witnesses testified that he was a Communist, returned to his faculty position at Caltech. There officials expressed themselves as regarding him as "a very valuable, honorable and loyal man." Loyal to whom?

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And what does Dr. DuBridge mean when he says that: "The institution [Caltech] would never retain a Communist on its staff." Does he mean to disregard FBI records and the sworn testimony of witnesses?

Another to come within the purview of the investigators that same year was Dr. Linus Pauling, head of Caltech's department of chemistry, and a close associate of Dr. Weinbaum's since 1922. Interrogated on November 13, 1950, as to his alleged Communist affiliations, by the California Senate Investigating Committee on Education (Ninth Report), Dr. Pauling refused to answer on grounds that no one had the right to question his political beliefs.

When not under oath, Dr. Pauling speaks freely of not being a Communist, and this Dr. DuBridge accepts as evidence tantamount to sworn testimony. How naïve can the super-intellectuals be?

Dr. Pauling's long record of supporting Communist fronts and causes over a period of years, as revealed in government reports, and his refusal to answer the $64 question has not endangered his position at Caltech in the least. Not even the sworn testimony of Louis Budenz before the Cox Committee investigating tax-free foundations made a dent. Budenz testified that during his membership in the Communist Party, he had been "officially advised a number of times" that Dr. Pauling was a "member of the Communist Party under discipline."

Now in 1954, we find Dr. DuBridge and his brother scientists in an all-out defense of J. Robert Oppenheimer, glamorizing him as the country's indispensable.

Appointed to the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission by President Truman in 1948, Dr. DuBridge and Dr. Oppenheimer served a six-year term concurrently. Dr. DuBridge also was appointed chairman of the Science Advisory Committee of the Office of Defense Mobilization by President Truman, a position he now holds under President Eisenhower.

What will be the educational and moral effect upon students now and in the future if educators continue to coddle potential traitors, top scientists though they be, who place their particular brand of "liberalism" above the welfare and patriotism of their own country?

Will not students be encouraged to feel that intellectual achievement carries with it an unrestrained license to pursue unmoral, if not immoral behavior? Have they not already before them the pattern whereby patriotism, moral and spiritual values are excluded from the realm of science?

These questions bring us to a realization that perhaps education, and some educators as well, could do with a reappraisal.

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# Abilities, Inc.

BY CHARLES OXTON

TWO AND A HALF years ago, with a borrowed working capital of $8,000, a factory force of four employees and a fierce desire to show the world that physical disabilities could be turned to full-time, efficient use on a competitive basis with those not handicapped, Henry Viscardi and Arthur Nierenberg launched a project known as Abilities, Inc., in West Hempstead, New York. Counting Viscardi, the president, there was a total of only five usable arms and one usable leg among the group.

Starting with a vacant garage, an old drafting board and some desks salvaged from a defunct coal yard, by the end of July 6, 1953, less than a year after they had begun operations, Abilities, Inc. had total assets of $101,161.67. It was bidding successfully on contracts for electronic and mechanical assemblies, process packaging, and harness and cable wiring with such firms as Sperry Gyroscope, Republic Aviation, and Ford Instrument Company.

Its operating force had assumed the proportions of a small factory and among its friends and advisers were such men as Bernard Baruch, Dr. Howard Rusk, Orin Lehman and many, many more.

It also was able to boast of a board of directors selected from a group of disabled but successful businessmen in the community. The functions of this group, however, were purely advisory. They had no vote or power in the corporation. The day to day workings of Abilities, Inc., such as the bidding for new contracts and the determination of company policy, were to be performed by the officers and workers themselves.

There was to be no such thing as "profits" in the ordinary sense of the word. Any excess of sales income over costs and expenses was to serve merely as an index of the business and productive efficiency of the corpora-



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tion and was to be turned back into the corporation for the purposes stated in its charter.

These purposes, formally stated, are primarily to train, give employment to, and ultimately transfer into private industry as skilled employees, men and women who have previously been regarded as handicapped or disabled.

How well these purposes have been achieved can be seen by comparing the record of the employees of Abilities, Inc. with unimpaired workers in other plants and industries.

Repeated time studies have shown that employees of Abilities, Inc. can and do perform specific operations in considerably less time than the standard time experienced by other companies. Idle time and lost effort have been held to a minimum.

In its first annual report, Abilities, Inc. proudly stated that it had had an average of 12.4 voluntary "quittings" to the ranks of regular industry, compared with an average of 3.6 "quittings" from employment by non-handicapped workers, proof positive that Abilities, Inc. is fulfilling its purpose.

MEN WITH only the stumps of arms, women on crutches, veterans in wheel chairs, the cerebral palsied and the blind, all have been trained and inspired to rise above their afflictions and make their own way.

If their courage should ever fail, they can look back on their "alma mater" and gain renewed strength in its determination not to cease operations so long as there is a handicapped person who wants to rise above human misery and defeat and is willing to work and fight to do so.

From a purely statistical standpoint, they can draw hope from the fact that they are anything but "second-class citizens." Apart from their record of efficiency while on the job, they can point with pride to the evidence of their ability to keep going in spite of their handicaps. They can glory in the fact that the workers of Abilities, Inc., in one average year, lost a total of only 2.5 days per 100 scheduled working days as compared with 3.4 days lost by non-handicapped craftsmen. Where unimpaired workers suffered a total of 9.9 non-disabling injuries per 1,000 exposure hours, the men and women of Abilities, Inc. suffered only 0.19! Where physically able workers ran up a total of 14.9 days of disability per injury, employees of Abilities, Inc. had only 1.5.

Today, Abilities, Inc. is more than a going concern. It has lit a beacon of hope for the handicapped wherever they may be. It has pointed the way for similar projects all over the world.

It has put into everyday practice the belief that neither pensions nor pity can take the place of the dignity of a productive life.

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# High Priestess of HAPPINESS

*By Harold Cantor*

IN A HOUSE on a hilltop, in the northeast corner of Connecticut, lives a remarkable young woman of 76, who celebrates her birthday this July 5th in the company of several highly congenial ghosts. She is Wanda Landowska, world-famous harpsichordist. As any of her intimates can tell you, she is a clear-headed, vigorous woman, with no trace of spiritualism in her make-up. But, being an artist, she does have a sense of the dramatic. And the ghosts are her way of dramatizing the important work to which she has dedicated the rest of her lifetime.

These ghosts in Madame Landowska's house are all musical ones — Bach, Couperin and other composers of the past. It comforts her to imagine them listening when, late at night, she sits at her harpsichord, playing their music. As the pinpoint vibrations of her stringed instrument echo through the room, she likes to think that they are whispering appreciative comments.

"Sometimes I ask my Bach and the others . . . my ghosts . . . if they are lonely," she says, smiling, "but they say, no, they like it here. We are all very happy together."

Landowska can joke about these austere spirits with a familiarity born of long association. Outstanding interpreter of 17th- and early 18th-century music, she has devoted her genius to rescuing precious scores from the cobwebs and restoring them to life upon the harpsichord — the instrument for which they were composed originally. One can see why the spirits of Bach and his composer-contemporaries can scarcely do otherwise than honor the house of Wanda Landowska.

Yet it is only recently that these ghosts have had a permanent house to haunt. For a long time, Madame Landowska rented a Central Park West apartment, close to the New York recording studios and the busy concert world of Carnegie Hall. But this residence had its inconveniences. Mme. Landowska is a doll-like woman, less than five feet tall, who makes no concessions to modish notions of fashion. She prefers a simple peasant hair-do, woolen slippers and a wrap-around housecoat for everyday wear. She also believes in exercise and enjoys taking long walks after midnight.



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Encountering this elf-like creature wandering along the footpaths of Central Park, startled policemen would question her sharply. Several times she was in danger of being hauled off to a local precinct as a suspicious character. As she still had difficulty expressing herself in English, she found the necessary explanations tiresome.

FROM such humiliating brushes with the law, the hilltop house in Lakeville, Connecticut (which once belonged to the late Sinclair Lewis) seemed a convenient refuge. Soon after, her agent called her on the telephone in a panic. What about the concert engagements he had booked? To these reproaches, Wanda Landowska gave apologetic replies and did exactly as she pleased. For she had reached a conclusion about the future — *her* future. For some time, she had been planning an arduous task for herself — the recording of Bach's entire "Well-Tempered Clavier" — a work containing 48 preludes and fugues, each score more difficult than the other. It was to be the climax of a lifetime of effort — her "last will and testament" for posterity. She had a choice. She could continue to play at concerts and obey the thousand-and-one demands which society makes on its talented artists. Or she could barricade herself from distractions and devote herself single-mindedly to her task.

For her, there could only be one decision. In her own words, she expressed her thoughts on the matter eloquently: "I have tours in my life too much. Now I have learned the key to the mystery. I must be concentrated about my work. This is why I came here to this house. I have to meditate about each note. Before I put a single sound on a record, I have to think a long, long time. . . .

"All my remaining time must go to my work. If I have the wish to see other people, then *they* will come to me."

There was no arguing with this logic. RCA officials shrugged their shoulders and sent a crew of engineers to Lakeville with instructions to turn part of the house into a recording studio. They soundproofed the walls, ripped up flooring and installed expensive recording equipment. Mme. Landowska, biting her lip fiercely, insisted that all the alterations conform with her decorative scheme; she ordered the engineers about as if they had been a team of moving men.

None of them complained. Though, on occasion, Wanda Landowska enjoys playing the prima donna to the hilt, no one who comes in contact with her can be annoyed with her for long. Her most high-falootin' phrases — even her speeches about ghosts — are uttered with a twinkle in the eye. Once, an engineer, impressed with her talent for comedy, asked her why she didn't go on television. With all the

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hauteur that her years could muster, she answered: "Television cannot afford me!"

It would be possible to explain away Landowska's confidence if she had had no sorrows in her life. But she has had more than her share of hard knocks. In 1925, six years after her husband's death, she settled permanently in a green suburb of Paris — Saint Leu De Foret. Here, she presided over L'Ecole de Musique Ancienne — a school which became a mecca for music lovers of all nations. She was surrounded by wide-eyed pupils, admirers, a library of 10,000 books, a collection of priceless old instruments and a number of pet dogs, whom she named Do, Re, Mi, Fa, etc. These were sunny days, when she was at the height of her European fame. Then came the war, bombing raids and sadness.

When she was forced, at length, to flee from the Nazi invaders to the South of France, she left her priceless possessions — her books, instruments and scores — behind her. At the country farm of a hospitable friend in Southern France, the penniless artist showed an amazing ability to bounce back. In the parlor of the farmhouse, she found an old upright piano, covered with the dust of years of disuse.

"I sat down at the piano," she recalls. "Ever since I had left Paris, I had been unhappy. I thought to myself — there is no sense going on. But, then, I said — no, I will build up my life again. I began to play . . . it was about eleven o'clock when I started . . . and I played all night . . . to get happy."

After that evening, Wanda Landowska felt her confidence in the future slowly returning. But the greatest miracle of all occurred a few days later. One morning, news was brought that a very rich lady in the neighborhood wanted to meet her.

"I said no — I was not anxious to meet anyone. But the lady sought me out — she was a beautiful, blonde-haired woman and a millionairess. She said — 'I know you don't know me, but you have saved me from committing suicide!'

"It made me sad to think that this beautiful creature had wanted to kill herself. She told me that she had had a place picked out in Africa for her death. She had gone there all alone with her mind made up, but, as she stood with a revolver in her hand, she had played — for the last time — my record of one of Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. She said the music had been so penetrating — so grand — that she had decided to throw the gun away.

" 'I am so grateful to you,' she said. 'You must let me give you the money to go to America.' Because of this miracle, I could not refuse her. She gave me the courage and the means to start life anew. *That was a miracle that happened to both of us.*"

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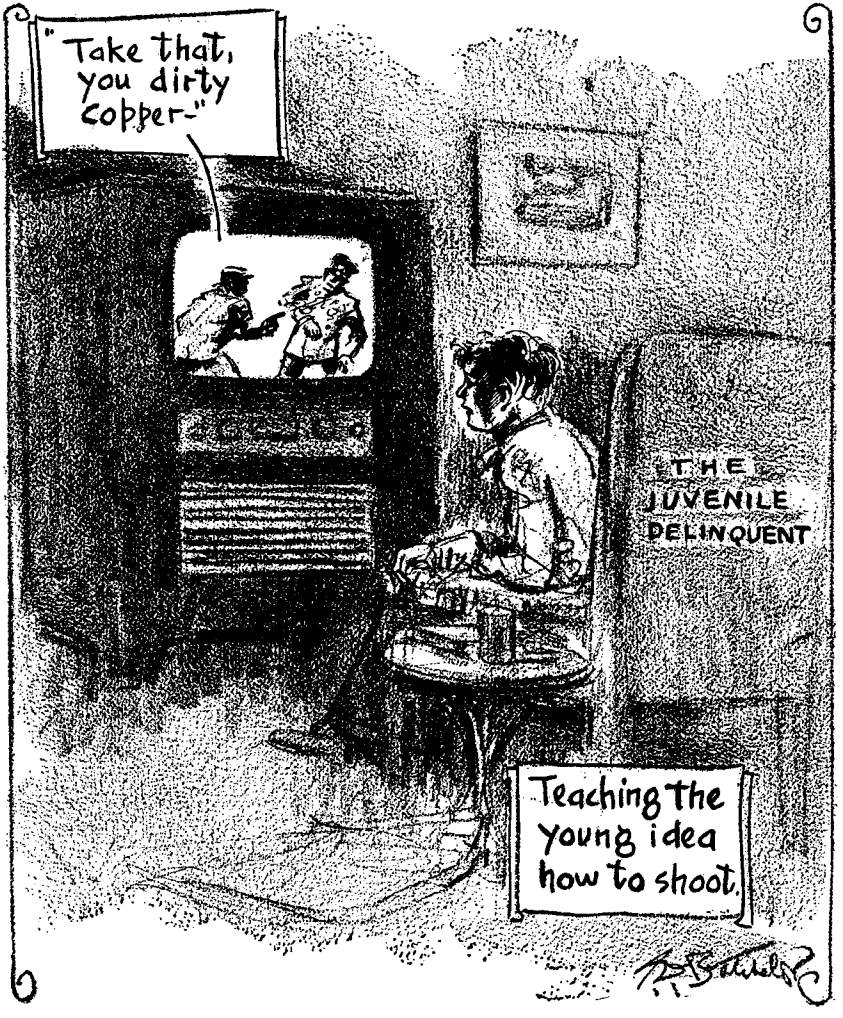
## C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



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# *In the Mercury's Opinion*

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

THE police commissioner of America's largest center of population noted a few days ago that juvenile crime in his city is soaring, "with teen-age criminals carving out almost exclusive domains in the realms of robberies, burglaries and auto thefts." Increases in other types of crime, including murder, pose a crisis in public morals which reaches down into the 16-year-old age group, and even lower.

Although little of the sense of stark and personal tragedy involved in juvenile crime is conveyed by the recitation of endless statistics, it is nevertheless a scathing homily upon one city's private and public morals to point out that the reported increases in various types of lawlessness among young people in New York ranged from 15.8 to 25 percent during the year 1954.

The recent wanton killing by a youthful gang leader of a respectable young New York boy of excellent morals highlights the increasingly long list of vicious crimes committed by young people. The slain boy was not the victim of juvenile intergang warfare; he did not belong to any gang. His father, in fact, was an intelligent and highly skilled civic leader in the campaign to grapple with the problem of juvenile delinquents. For most of the American people, this man's son now takes his place in some impersonal statistics.

But let no one assume that this is a local problem. The whole nation faces a domestic crisis of the gravest magnitude.

The restraints once imposed upon criminal impulses and tendencies among youth by the combined moral authority of the courts, the churches, the schools and the home are obviously loosening.

Some things are clear in these United States: special juvenile courts assisted by the latest psychiatric knowledge have not reversed these haunting statistical trends; vast increases reported in church membership and church-going have not done it; so-called enlightened educational philosophy and the best physically-equipped school system the world has ever known have not arrested the nation-wide drift; and the filling of the average American home with gadgets for convenient living, including television sets, has had no noticeable effect in raising the moral level of the whole people.

The conclusion is inescapable that the relaxing of moral and religious sanctions is disastrous to any nation.

The demand is: back to some old-fashioned fundamentals used by our forefathers. A large percentage of juvenile delinquents have delinquent parents. Let's face this problem and solve it.



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# TV's Favorite Prof

BY JOSEPH STOCKER

DR. FRANK BAXTER of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles is the best thing that ever happened to the embattled champions of adult and intelligent television. A veteran and much-beloved professor of English at USC, Baxter has spanned the chasm between classroom and video, to the delight of millions of viewers all over the country.

It started as a dubious experiment in September, 1953. Los Angeles' CBS-TV station, KNXT, put Baxter in front of its cameras to conduct a regular Saturday course in Shakespeare. The station's brass hats figured that, even if the professor didn't outpull Jackie Gleason, at least he would have an appeal for high-brows. And high-brows, they decided grudgingly, have to be considered once in a while.

Baxter was undismayed by the assumption that his course would interest only the intellectual *crème de la crème*. He threw himself into it with the same verve that had made him the most popular prof on the USC campus. For nearly an hour every week, he literally cavorted through a recitation and discussion of Shakespeare's plays. He performed all the roles himself, set the background for each play and used, as his main prop, a model of the famous old Globe Theater which he had spent 20 years building.

For thousands of viewers, who either had never read Shakespeare or had read him under compulsion, the immortal Bard came alive for the first time. "Shakespeare is my life," Baxter would explain, "and I want everyone to like him as much as I do. I teach Shakespeare on TV just as I do in class. Of course, I've considered myself an actor of sorts — a downright ham, in fact."

The program was an electrifying success — not only among high-brows but also among middle-brows and very possibly a few low-brows as well. Thousands of applauding letters



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flooded in from viewers who were thankful, as one of them expressed it, that TV had discovered "we are not all happy little morons." Hundreds of Southern California people signed up for Baxter's "Shakespeare on TV" course, paying $5 to "audit" it or $12 to get an hour's college credit. (In order to gain the credit, they had to pass a final examination given on the USC campus at the end of the semester.)

This, as far as the station could determine, was the first time that Shakespeare had been taught via TV, and Baxter's "class" was the largest ever assembled for any television course. KNXT donated the time as a public service, and deliberately scheduled Baxter to conflict with the World Series and college football telecasts, so as to make the experiment more meaningful.

Soon the program was ringing up a spectacular rating of 9.5. Thus, it surpassed such network shows as "See It Now," "Adventure" and "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" in that area. And then the awards began to roll in.

Baxter won the Sylvania award for the best local educational program in the nation, in competition with 111 other shows. He received two Emmy statuettes from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for "best local public affairs program" and "best male performer in local television."

All in all, Baxter garnered just about every television award for which his program was eligible. And CBS, convinced that his appeal went beyond high-brows, or else there were more high-brows than anybody had thought, moved the professor into the network. Now he appears nationally every Wednesday evening in a program called "Now and Then." It's a wide-open, one-man show, with Baxter lecturing about anything that happens to pop into his far-ranging mind — Shakespeare, Dior, Hemingway or the high cost of living.

THE SUCCESS of his adult approach, in a medium which sometimes seems to have been invented solely for the benefit of preschool children, has proved gratifying to TV's sterner critics. Said radio and TV columnist John Crosby:

"It has always been my theory that great teachers would make wonderful (and popular) TV personalities just like great comedians. Baxter is the only live evidence of the soundness of this theory that I happen to have on hand."

"For a long time," says TV's favorite prof, "I've felt that people were starved for something more nourishing in entertainment. The bill of fare on TV has included too much hamburger. Most people want a little chicken salad — if not pheasant under glass."

Alluding to the fact that many of his Shakespeare viewers not only viewed the program but paid for the privilege, Baxter says drily, "There's

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no flattery quite so sincere as $5."

Actually, USC students have realized for a long time what television fans are just now discovering about Frank Baxter. He's a great teacher who knows his subject matter from "S" to "M," and he still enjoys teaching it after a quarter of a century. He has been ranked as one of a half-dozen of the nation's greatest teachers, in the tradition of "Billy" Phelps of Yale and George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard. In the words of one admirer, he's a professor "who has spanned the field of literature and made good writing something to be understood and enjoyed."

BAXTER gets enormously excited about his TV program and puts in a great deal of work on his lectures. He never talks down to his audience, and he uses any word which seems to him to fit the occasion. If the viewers haven't heard it before, they can doggoned well look it up.

Anyway, Baxter thinks the intelligence of the mass TV audience has been considerably under-rated.

"The great truth," he says, "is that the people who have supported America with its mass entertainment have sold us short. The idea that such things must be beamed to a 12-year-old intelligence may be a good approach to the selling of soap. But it ignores the fact that the whole hope of our country lies in recognizing and fostering those people who, by native endowment and training, are ready and hungry for something more mature than the fabled 12-year-old mass. To give TV viewers 'what they want' is to keep them as they are."

The professor is 58, bald, round-faced, bespectacled and properly tweedy. At USC he has the reputation of being a perfectionist and a tough man at grading time. But students line up for his classes. Said one of them: "Two courses with Baxter cost me a *cum laude*, but they were worth it." USC students voted him the man "who should teach all classes in the University." And the campus newspaper said, "If you haven't a course from Dr. Baxter, you haven't been to college."

Baxter's success hasn't affected his pixie-like drollery. TV people recall, for instance, the Television Academy banquet at which the professor was awarded an Emmy for his Shakespeare broadcasts. His fellow honorees made pretty speeches in which they gave due credit to their writers. So Baxter did likewise. "Following the precedent set here tonight," he said gravely, "I want to thank my writer, who happens to be William Shakespeare."

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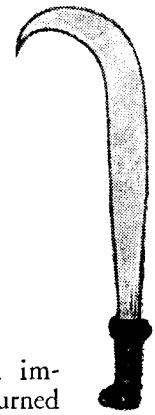
# KNIVES
## That Carve a Friendship



By SAMUEL SILVERSTEIN
and RUBY ZAGOREN

A FEW YEARS AGO a man dressed in obviously foreign clothing came into the office of the Collins Company in Collinsville, Conn., and asked for the president. Granted an interview, the visitor revealed he had come all the way from his native Peru, on the advice of the Collins representative there, to seek medical treatment at the Mayo Clinic.

The company president listened graciously. Then in amazement, he saw his caller reach into the folds of his shirt and bring forth two small bags of gold. The Peruvian placed them on the president's desk.

"Please keep," he said. "In case I die, you pay my bills."

The executive shook his head. "But there are banks that can handle this for you." He reached for the telephone and was about to call, but the Peruvian said, "No, no. I don't know your banks. I know the Collins Company."

The president, noting his sincerity, then agreed to keep the gold in the company safe. The Peruvian went to the Mayo Clinic and as time went on his health improved. Later he returned to the Collins Company to thank his American friends and to reclaim his gold. Then he returned to Peru.

To the Collins management, this was another manifestation of the reputation for integrity and dependability that this company has built up over the years in its trade relations with Latin-American countries.

The Peruvian learned about Collins and trusted the company because of its product, the machete, which is exported to just about every country in Central and South America from this New England firm. The machete is regarded as one of the most important agricultural implements ever invented. Without it there would be no cultivation of coffee, sugar, bananas, chicle or rubber.

Natives of the tropical countries use the machetes to fight back the jungle, build homes, fashion boats, make shoes, and lop off the raw



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material for hats; machetes furnish protection against snakes, provide a quick, clean shave, and are used for slaughtering cattle.

Natives come to the nearest trading post and ask for "un Collins." And those who cannot pronounce the English word bend an arm and clench the fist to imitate the trademark.

Collins manufactures and exports four million machetes annually to Latin America. This market is largely responsible for the measure of prosperity that the firm now enjoys.

In 1826 the company was organized to manufacture axes. Sam Collins, the founder, looked up from his desk one day to see a Yankee Clipper captain with a crude wooden knife in his hand.

"Can you make one of these in steel?" the captain asked.

Collins took the long wooden knife and looked at it, as the captain explained: "A native of South America gave me this wooden knife on my last trip out. He likes your axe so much he asked if you could make him one of these knives in steel."

Of course Collins said he'd try. And that is how his company started manufacturing the machete, that long steel knife that now comes in 400 separate styles.

Besides helping the Latin American natives, the Collins Company was also building good will and a reputation for honesty and integrity. Unscrupulous competitors tried to imitate the Collins trademark, but the New England company didn't have to worry. The native purchaser gives the machete the acid test before he pays his money out.

This is the acid test: First, the native places the machete across his finger to test its balance. Next he snaps the blade and listens to the ring. He breathes on the polished blade: the vapor must disappear within a certain length of time. He swings the machete in downward arcs and listens to see if it rings with the right note. He steps on the tip of the blade, grabs the handle and tries to bend the steel upward.

Only then, if satisfied, will he place his money.

DURING World War II, the importance of the Collins machete to the agricultural welfare of Latin America was highlighted. The New England company stopped sending machetes to South America; the company was too busy filling an order for a million machetes for American soldiers stationed in the South Pacific.

Delegates from the Latin-American countries visited the U.S. State Department and pleaded that Collins be allowed to ship machetes southward again. Their agricultural systems would collapse, the delegates said, unless the natives were supplied with machetes, *muy pronto*.

Steel priorities were issued which allowed Collins to supply both the American soldiers and the South

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American neighbors with machetes.

While Pattern No. 1, the first steel machete made by Sam Collins a century ago, is still the most popular with the native populations, various individuals have their own preferences. Workers on the interior coffee plantations of Colombia prefer the 22-inch blade which curves thickly at the top. Their fellow Colombians who live on the Caribbean like a blade of the same length with a different contour. On dress occasions, the Colombians choose a straight 18-inch blade with three grooved channels on the side. Costa Ricans and Puerto Ricans want their machete blade painted red. Some Cubans insist on flattened tips. The price of the machete, 75 cents to two dollars, is small in relation to its importance.

After six to eight months of constant use, the machete is reduced to a thin sliver of steel and the owner needs a new one. "Constant use," as defined by the Collins Company, means eight hours of daily work cutting cane, bamboo, coconut, vines and elephant grass. In addition there are the extra-curricular duties of carving canoes from tough logs, slicing meat, cutting down four-inch-thick saplings, and picking the owner's teeth after dinner.

As one official said, "The machete opened up the tropical world to trade and commerce and it will keep it open. Why, the machete has even influenced the habits and customs of the countries where it's sold. You notice how we put our labels next to the handle, running in the same direction as the blade. Well, down in Panama, when a native wants to impress another, he waves his machete in front of the man's nose for emphasis and says, "You dog. I'll run this into you up to the second 'l' in Collins."

THE MACHETE is used by the Indians in the hill country of Ecuador in a game which may become a national pastime. Contestants try their skills by throwing their machetes at a target.

When a native girl is considering a husband, all she asks is that they start married life — with a machete. Just as it will carve out the jungle, it will carve their livelihood.

And it is no accident that the Collins Company produces eighty percent of the five million machetes sold annually in the South and Central Americas. This company was the first to produce the knives that carve a friendship between the Americas.

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# IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

▶ There are meaningful posters prominently displayed in the Western sector of the Berlin subway which warn riders: "Don't fall asleep in the subway — you may wake up in the Soviet sector."

▶ A Moscow drama critic wrote of a current foreign play: "It is unrealistic in the extreme. The hero disagrees with his boss in the first act and yet appears, well and alive, in act two."

▶ An anti-Soviet periodical offered a definition of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR (national assembly). It said: "It consists of people, half of whom are totally incapable, while the other half are capable of anything."

▶ Two drab-looking workers met in a Moscow park. "How are you today?" asked one.

"Worse than yesterday," was the reply, "and better than tomorrow!"

▶ A bitter joke is being told behind the Iron Curtain regarding bottled medicine produced by state-controlled pharmaceutical firms: "If you follow the directions on the bottle," the saying goes, "you stand a good chance of recovering from your illness. These directions read: 'Keep Bottle Tightly Closed.'"

▶ Observation of Berliner in Soviet zone: "We might be able to live through another war, but another liberation by the Red Army, never!"

▶ A Russian, resident of France for many years, was persuaded to return to his homeland. Emerging from the Moscow railway station, he put down his bags for a moment, looked about the square and exclaimed: "I don't recognize you, Mother Russia!" Then, glancing down to pick up his bags, he discovered they had disappeared. "Now I recognize you, Mother Russia," he cried out.

— PAUL STEINER



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# MONOLOGUE

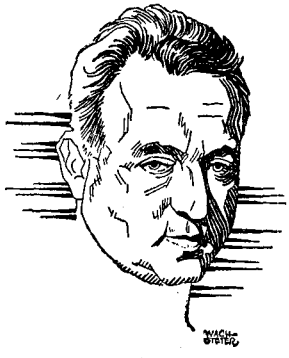
## Independence Day Note

A phrase in general circulation when I was young, which was long, long ago, is rarely, if ever, heard nowadays. I refer to "Fourth of July oratory," to describe high-pitched patriotic utterances about "God's own country" not only on Independence Day but at any time.

In my circle of cocky and callow radicals, the phrase was spoken in accents ironical, as a term of disparagement. We considered ourselves too "enlightened" for flag-waving and eagle-screaming. In our hearts we may have shared the conviction that America was indeed the favorite child of Destiny, a land of liberty and opportunity without compare. I know I did. But we thought it unsophisticated, even vulgar, for anyone to profess love of country too loudly.

In later years, our view apparently spread to more and more of our countrymen. They became increasingly ashamed to wear their patriotic hearts on their sleeves. "Fourth of July oratory" began to fade out. In time it became smart, or at least smartalecky, to deride and tear down our America. There have been a hundred novels pawing the seamy side of the nation's life for one that celebrates its greatness and its glory. In place of full-throated trumpetings of patriotism, we have today the querulous pipings of doubt and derogation.

And I for one believe we are not the better but the worse for it. As another Independence Day rolls around, I have a distinct yearning for the old phrase, which is to say for the forthright sentiments it connoted. I find myself wishing that more Americans had the courage of their affections and did not hesitate to express them in round and rousing periods.



*By Eugene Lyons*

Speaking in his Iowa birthplace on his 74th birthday in 1948, Herbert Hoover, though he is certainly critical of many things in our country's life, was not ashamed to express himself with lyrical passion.



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"Within the soul of America is the freedom of mind and spirit in man," he declared. "Here alone are the open windows through which pours the sunlight of the human spirit. Here alone human dignity is not a dream but a major accomplishment."

Fourth of July oratory — but it came like a fresh breeze into the fetid atmosphere of sneering abuse of America which had become the hallmark of sophistication. Americans do not love their country any less deeply than they used to. When the chips are down, they are as ready as ever in the past to stake their lives for its preservation. If they are less prone to give voice to their emotions it is because they have allowed themselves to be intimidated by a tiny minority of egg-heads and one-worlders.

Let some of us, at any rate, refuse to be intimidated. Because a few men howl that we're going to the dogs is no reason why the rest of us should start barking. The Fourth of July orators of yore were right. After all discounts are made, America is still the finest country on earth, generous and idealistic, strong and unexhausted, its promise-fulfilled matched by promise-for-the-future. Never before in the annals of humankind has a nation as powerful as the United States been less of a menace to weak neighbors, more of a solace to suffering and enslaved peoples. Never before have citizens had more reason for uninhibited pride.

**Ancient Rome, Modern Russia**

From Radio Moscow, as monitored by London, we learn that the renowned Soviet composer, Aram Khachaturian, after three years' labor, has completed the score of a new ballet called *Spartacus*. It is, in Moscow's words, "based on the historic events of the rising of slaves in ancient Rome almost 2,000 years ago."

At first blush this may look like a routine piece of musical intelligence. Yet I sense that it is packed with political irony and the makings of tragedy as well — both for the composer and for the rash censors who passed his latest work. My feelings in the matter go back to a vivid memory out of my sojourn in Moscow.

On the remote chance that he may still be alive, I shall not set down the official's name. He was a literary man mobilized for a censorship chore which he heartily despised. His personal dilemma was that, having been a novelist in his free past, he was under inner compulsion to write more novels. He knew too well the perils of sincere creative writing but was unwilling to turn out propaganda potboilers.

Then he hit upon what seemed a foolproof device for combining sincerity and safety. He decided to retreat into history, ancient Roman history, and thus neatly avoid ideological snags. After a couple of years of research and writing, the novel

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was finished, approved by the censors and duly published. It was a fictionized story of the revolt of Roman slaves under the leadership of Spartacus.

At first the book was warmly received, but quickly enough the guilt-ridden Kremlin bosses became suspicious. Could it be that the novelist had written, with tongue in cheek, a parable for the Soviet times? Were there not embarrassing similarities between Roman and Soviet slaves? Might not the exciting example of Spartacus put dangerous ideas into the heads of exploited and terrorized subjects of Stalin? The capital began to buzz with rumors, larded with knowing chuckles.

In short order, the novel was withdrawn from circulation. So was the novelist. As I have had occasion to remark in the past, the Kremlin does not limit itself to burning books — it burns the authors.

Alas for poor Khachaturian that he did not know this sad tale when he chose to make a ballet out of Spartacus! After all, it is not exactly tactful to talk about slave mutinies, however remote in time, in the presence of brutal slave-holders chronically scared of mutiny. The less said on such a subject the better, even in the best of times, and in this instance the timing is scarcely propitious.

In June 1953, while Khachaturian was at work on his *Spartacus*, there was a rising of helots in Eastern Germany about which, we may be sure, the Red hierarchs don't like to be reminded even in the language of terpsichore.

Soon thereafter, a revolt of slaves occurred in the concentration camps of Vorkuta, a coal-mining area in the Soviet Arctic. Thousands of prisoners suddenly quit work, seized control of some of the camps through their strike committees and actually compelled the Soviet government to plead and parley with them. In the end, of course, hundreds of the slaves were butchered and the revolt was crushed.

The parallel with the Spartacus story was truly remarkable. Vorkuta showed the same kind of courage; the masters responded with the same kind of ruthless cruelty. In the perspective of history, indeed, Vorkuta may take its place with the ancient Roman uprising in any inventory of man's indomitable spirit. Some day *free* Russians will write novels and compose ballets about Vorkuta.

Though the Soviet regime has done its best to keep the events from its subjects, things like the Vorkuta drama have a way of spreading by whisper. Without doubt it is by this time common knowledge throughout Soviet Russia, both its splendor and its horror heightened, if anything, by the attempted concealment.

The new ballet is therefore likely to give Khrushchev and his gang goosepimples. They will be uncomfortably aware that every audience

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will read "Vorkuta" for "Spartacus." It's a fair guess that the spectacle will not survive too long and that those who blundered in letting it reach the public will be duly chastised. Tales of revolts against despots may be proper Communist fare elsewhere in the world but not in Communist countries.

### Of Viruses and Vaccines

With polio inoculations in the forefront of national attention, here's a little fable that needs telling:

A young man about to graduate from the College of the City of New York had his mind set on becoming a doctor. He was a bright lad with a Jewish name, studious and sensitive in appearance. To his youthful idealism, medicine seemed more a dedication than a career.

One can understand his bewilderment and chagrin, therefore, when medical schools one after another rejected his application for admission. His scholastic record was well above the requirements, but the schools explained tactfully that they were overcrowded, or they offered some other transparent excuses for keeping him out. A few had the courage of their prejudices and informed him that unhappily the "Jewish quota" for the year was filled.

And so the young man, frustrated but not embittered, took a different path in life. Being able and industrious, he did extremely well for himself and in time even forgot his old zeal for the arts of healing.

That was about 20 years ago. The young man's name was Jonas E. Salk. . . .

This, of course, *did not happen.* Young Salk was among the luckier or pluckier few who did crash through restrictive barriers against Jews in the medical field. He went on to discover the Salk serum against polio which, by general acclaim, put him in a class with Pasteur, Fleming and other great benefactors of the human race.

But the fable is worth pondering *because it might easily have happened.* The little story is true, so far as hundreds of other would-be doctors are concerned.

How can we know how many men of Salk's caliber have, through the years, been barred at the very doors of our medical schools? Not they but *we* have been penalized by religious discrimination, a disease often as crippling as polio itself. The idiocy of applying race or religious or color tests in a field where only merit means anything should be too self-evident to require underlining. Should be, but unfortunately isn't. No vaccine, alas, has as yet been found against the ravages of intolerance.

### The Yalta Calamity

Ten years ago, on the Soviet shore of the Black Sea, the Western democracies broke faith with the dead and dying on battlefields all over the world. They handed over to world Communism their victories

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over the Germans and the Japanese, thus turning the sacrifices of all the belligerent peoples, including the Soviet peoples, into a grim mockery.

Only men with a special talent for self-delusion can fail to understand that all the evils today threatening to expunge our civilization — the size and power of the Red empire, the triumph of Communism in Asia, the erosion of self-confidence in what remains of the free world — had their origins in the reckless and arrogant decisions of a few blundering leaders in Yalta.

The hallmarks of that conference were cynicism, abandonment of principle and, on the Anglo-American side of the table, dark political ignorance. Only one thing could have saved our statesmen from the cruel consequences of their own confusions: *moral integrity*. But this they checked at the door for fear of embarrassing their host. The result was a game without rules — without the automatic restraints on power provided by considerations of principle, justice, human rights.

All this has been known for a decade. It has been spelled out in defeats and disasters. But now, with the publication of the major parts of the Yalta documents, it has been made chillingly clear and precise. The margins of doubt to which apologists for Yalta have clung with bleeding fingernails have been erased.

A few, those who are not ashamed of the ugly dodge, still offer the excuse that the Kremlin could have taken by force anyhow what it got by Anglo-American consent and connivance. But that alibi, even if it were factually true, is as unrighteous as the abominations it seeks to cover. Men who join in robbing a neighbor's house can hardly defend their conduct on the ground that they couldn't have stopped the robbers in any case.

Even the most critical among us, reluctant to believe the worst, have played with theories of extenuation. The Western statesmen, we hoped, had been compelled or tricked into committing crimes against humanity. Perhaps they were victims of Communist threats, cunning and duplicity.

THE DOCUMENTS, unhappily, refute all such mitigations. It was not a case of fighting and losing but of deliberate, unnecessary and, at points, even eager surrender. Except for a few nostalgic words by Churchill about an old-fashioned thing called honor, the entire proceedings were conducted in a spirit of amoralism, vengeance and brute force, in knowing contempt of all the ideals in whose name myriad men had been sent out to kill and be killed.

The terrifying truth written large on every page of the Yalta papers is that our rulers had thrown away their moral compasses before the negotiations started. Generalissimo Stalin may have come prepared to pull the business down to his own cynical level, but he was spared the

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exertion. Instead of antagonists, he found fellow-conspirators.

Not once, it appears, did the negotiators hark back earnestly to the Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms or the other wartime pledges to mankind. Not once did it occur to these men mesmerized by power that they had less than absolute authority to remake the world in Stalin's image in a few days. They went about the dirty chores of enslaving whole nations and defrauding loyal allies in less time and with less serious thought than is normally involved in buying or selling cattle.

Nowhere does the record show a genuine confrontation in terms of eternal values and moral imperatives. Petty, squalid collusions to camouflage self-evident betrayals, to cover up shocking breaches of faith, to make spoilation more palatable to the innocent victims — such was the substance of the conference.

The fate of Poland provided a test case of the whole Yalta enterprise. Here, if anywhere, the West could have made a do-or-die stand on the simple issue of fair play for a gallant ally. But Roosevelt merely pleaded for a little sugar-coating on the bitter Polish pill, and the best argument he could muster was his need for Polish-American votes to keep his party in power.

THE PERPETRATORS of the Yalta crimes showed no signs of remorse or sorrow. Nations and peoples were condemned to servitude in a mood of high-spirited chitchat, without a discernible twinge of conscience. The entire affair was marked by moral callousness. In retrospect, there is something macabre in the tragedy, enacted amidst smiling toasts of mutual admiration.

An American President's good-humored suggestion that 50,000 German officers be butchered after the war may horrify normal human beings. It merely drew a knowing smile from the madman who had already slaughtered some 15,000 Polish officers in cold blood in his prisoner camps. In that moral climate, anything went, nothing seemed too arbitrary or too inhuman.

The agreement to help repatriate millions of Moscow's fugitive slaves, the approval of reparations in living flesh — consigning enemy war prisoners to serve as slave laborers, the secret disposal of Chinese national rights without consulting China, the dismemberment of an allied country whose sons were still fighting by the side of Americans and Britons, the expropriation and expulsion of millions of Germans from their ancestral homes, the stacking of the cards in the Kremlin's favor in the projected United Nations — once honor and justice and principle had been ruled out, such infamies seemed altogether natural in Yalta.

Men inflated by the accidents of history, having excluded God from their meeting, played God for a few days. The Devil has had a field day ever since.

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# Flying Flowers

BY DORIS ISAAK

"JOHNNY," a florist called to his delivery boy, "take these geraniums over to 746 Second Avenue and give them to Rover — just Rover, that's all the telegram says."

Johnny did. The recipient wagged his tail and immediately gulped half a dozen of the out-of-season flowers.

When Mrs. Jackson, Rover's owner, who was vacationing in Los Angeles, returned to her home in Tacoma she came in to thank the florist, explaining that she knew poor Rover "would be all alone on his birthday and so I decided to wire you to send him his favorite dessert."

Not all telegraphic requests for flowers are received with this gustatory "relish." Nevertheless, Americans — a large percentage of them businessmen — made use of the services of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association to the tune of $41,232,081 last year. This represents about 242,953,397 flying flowers — enough to form a flower chain halfway around the world.

Among special long-distance bouquets prepared throughout the year by this group of merchants was the first arrangement to include all thirty-seven official flowers of the forty-eight states. (Some states have the same official flower.) This bouquet was sent to Queen Elizabeth II at her coronation by the state governors, each of whom wired his flower and greetings to an assembly point in New York, from which point it was wired to London.

The Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association represents the services of about 10,000 florists in the Western Hemisphere. Since 1946, it has been within the power of these merchants also to telegraph flowers around the world in a mere matter of minutes, thanks to FTD's membership in Interflora, Inc., which operates with the same principle on an international scale. It boasts 19,000 members.

Of particular concern to American flowermen is the extensive use of flowers by businessmen as good-will ambassadors as well as for decoration and advertising. Formal openings of stores, offices, and factories always mean a deluge of floral



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arrangements from well-wishers and competitors.

One Dallas automobile dealer was "wished so well" on the occasion of the opening of a new showroom that he had to back some of his shiny display models onto the lot to make room for congratulatory bouquets wired from as far away as Argentina.

Well aware of the "something for nothing" sales enticement, merchants invariably offer flowers to customers for special occasions. A Cedar Rapids department store which corsaged each lady patron with a small Hawaiian orchid beamingly reported giving away 10,000 blossoms in three days. The management also beamed at the 54 percent increase in sales during the period.

A Manhattan merchant who agrees that free flowers attract bargain-hunting females holds an "Orchid Day" once a month. And a lush corsage is added to the beauty of milady after she undergoes a complete overhaul at one Wyoming beauty salon.

ORCHIDS were also the incentive to drive cautiously in Phoenix, Arizona, recently. Civic-minded florists, working with the police department, offered the blossoms to women drivers who deported themselves perfectly during Safe Driving Week.

Business anniversaries are always welcomed by florists, for they frequently mean celebration with flowers.

The thirty-fifth anniversary luncheon of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel not long ago set five FTD men to work assembling a four-foot cake — solid with 4,317 flowers.

Office managers of the sixty-eight foreign countries served by the airline telegraphed congratulatory flowers with special greetings in their native tongues.

An unusual method of advertising with which Interflora is happy to cooperate was devised by a leading perfume manufacturer not long ago. A bouquet of flowers of a particular scent is sent to agencies throughout the world to emphasize the corresponding perfume scent.

"The biggest job any florist ever had" is the way a flowerman describes his job of decorating Macy's department store in New York for Mother's Day last year. Two million blossoms went into the adorning of six show windows and the entire lower floor.

"We know flowers inspire employees to do a better job," said a store executive.

Besides their exchange in 107 countries of the world, flowers have on occasion "flown" through the Iron Curtain.

"We could have sent lilies to Stalin's funeral if anyone had wanted to wire them," a public relations man exclaimed. "Apparently nobody did."

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# Men Without a Country

Somewhere behind that bloody line which Decency is forbidden to cross, fifteen sodden, saddened uniforms languish in their oblivion. Once proudly they paraded, once laughingly they leisured—and once manfully absorbed the tears of parents' partings. Eagles polished, creases straight, these uniforms once distinguished the finest men of the mightiest air force in the world.

Today their eagles are tarnished; their creases are gone; and their men must surely ponder a haunting, nagging question: Why are we here?

From the millions of us must come an answer. From the millions of us who spend through America's prosperous days, and sleep through her peaceful nights. For, their right hands raised to God and their lips chorusing American words, these men were sworn to defend with their lives these American days and nights.

Now, while we hide our heads in the sand of conference-table diplomacy, and while we salve our conscience with vague reports from a foreign secretary-general, let us think of the days and nights of our fifteen defenders:

Days must be long when you lie—dishonored—on a sacrificial altar to Godlessness. Nights must bring little hope when at last you realize you are Men Without a Country.

*Wayne Stokes*



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# EXPEL THE OUTLAW *Russia!*

**BY LAWRENCE H. SMITH**

*Member of Congress from Wisconsin*

THE monumental failures of the Hiss-type United Nations are soon told.

➔ The UN has not stopped aggression.

➔ The UN has not stopped Cold War infiltration, sabotage and subversion the world around.

➔ The UN has not limited armaments, or contributed anything to the peacetime application of atomic power.

➔ The UN has not contributed to world economic stability through broader commercial intercourse; nor has it contributed aught to the security of foreign capital investment and development — the one great need of the world today.

For all this, the United States Government has paid directly from the Treasury more than $400,000,000 since 1945 to sustain UN programs and activities, plus another $250,000,000 in added Executive expenditures incidental to UN participation. Finally, the U.S. has contributed more than $2,000,000,000 to UN subsidiary activities, such as the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, refugee resettlement, and similar humanitarian programs, all of which have in some degree benefited Russia in her conquest of the satellite states.

*The principal world impact of UN activities during these ten years has been to increase the prestige and vocal range of Communism in all its evil works.* When the UN was established in 1945, Communism enslaved only about 200,000,000 people in Russia. Today terroristic Communism holds sway over some 800,000,000 souls in Europe and Asia. Roughly one-third of the world's population is now under its influence or control.

Since 1945, Russia has frustrated constructive efforts toward peace with 67 UN vetoes.

World opinion appears to be jelling upon the conviction that the only way out is to reorganize the UN from top to bottom and start all over again — without Russia.



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ANOTHER approach would be to expel Russia from the existing UN, without waiting for a complete reorganization of the world's town-meeting place. This is the approach suggested in my own House Concurrent Resolution 89, introduced on March 3, 1955, and now before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Such expulsion is provided for under Article 6 of the UN Charter, which reads:

> A member of the United Nations which has persistently violated the principles contained in the present charter may be expelled from the organization by the General Assembly, upon the recommendation of the Security Council.

Matters before the Security Council normally are subject to veto. But in this case, Russia would be deprived of her veto, for Article 27 of the Charter provides: "A party to a dispute shall abstain from voting."

My resolution, if passed by the House and Senate, would urge President Eisenhower, through Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, to move for immediate expulsion of Russia, in the next regular session of the General Assembly. By such action, the UN could clear the tracks of Communist obstruction by a single vote of the General Assembly.

The ideal of peace was the core of the UN dream. Yet there was not one day between the establishment of the UN in 1945, and the Indo-China cease-fire in August 1954, when the world was not bedeviled by a shooting war somewhere — always with Russian Communism stirring the witches' broth.

Following the Indo-China cease-fire, there was a period of almost six months of tentative peace before Communism unleashed her next world disturbance, in Red China's publicly announced plan to invade Formosa.

This is the whole story of the first ten years of the United Nation's contribution to world peace — almost *six months* without a shooting war!

Communism thus is branded a complete and total world outlaw and international brigand.

Not until Communism is disbarred from all civilized intercourse may the world hope to resume the true paths of peace.

The most logical place to begin is in a completely reconstituted UN *without Russia or any other Communist state*. The world has learned, at great cost, that you can't do business with Communism.

If there is any hope for the ideals of the UN, that hope lies in a new organization, in which Alger Hiss can have no creative part.

In re-creating the UN, provision should be made to permit limited membership to governments-in-exile representing the Communist satellite areas, if those exiled governments pledge faithful support to UN ideals, and to the ultimate extermination of Communism.

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This would bring into the new UN all the scattered and now impotent voices of freedom in the satellite areas — at present denied any world forum for their poignant protests against Kremlin savagery.

Once the UN is thus re-created as a meeting place and true citadel of freedom, the way would be clear for genuine international cooperation for peace, progress and ever-broadening world prosperity.

THE PRESTIGE given Communism by Russia's influential place in the UN has contributed considerably to the suffocation of freedom movements in the satellite countries. In many historical instances, the UN has served chiefly as a sounding board for Communist propaganda against freedom. The black and degrading sentiments uttered by Russia's spokesmen in the UN are broadcast by press and radio to the remotest corners of the world; the same sentiments uttered in the Kremlin — without the prestige of the UN forum — would merit no second thought anywhere.

Communism controls five votes in the UN Assembly — three for Russia and one each for Poland and Czechoslovakia. With five votes out of 60, Russia — by the veto route — has obstructed and frustrated for ten long years every constructive move toward world peace and order.

All the principal world powers, for example, have been ready for seven years to enter into an agreement to control production of atomic weapons. Russia, alone, will not assent to the necessary air-tight provisions for international policing of the agreement. The whole venture has been mired since birth in Russia's willful obstruction.

Russia has manipulated the entire UN machinery in a way to strengthen world Communism on every continent, while at the same time weakening and dividing the defenders of freedom on secondary issues.

Spain, Ireland, Portugal, Austria, Italy, Finland, Japan, Indo-China, the Republic of Korea, Jordan, Ceylon and Nepal have been kept out of the UN by Russian *vetoes*. All of these nations have great strength to contribute to the work of freedom. Only by the power of Communism in the UN are they denied a voice for peace.

On the other hand, the whole world has been tormented and frustrated for six long years by Russia's ceaseless clamor to admit Red China to UN membership. We hear daily the UN debate *pro* and *con* on Red China's application — but seldom a word in favor of the 12 freedom powers which never have been admitted to membership.

It would be difficult to discover more compelling evidence of the complete domination of UN programs and activities by the forces of world Communism.

Four U.S. Presidents and five Secretaries of State refused, over a

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period of 16 years, to recognize the lawless and godless regime of Communism in Russia. One of history's best records of our reasons for this bipartisan policy of non-intercourse with Communism was presented by Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson, in 1920 — thirteen years before F. D. Roosevelt extended the magic wand of formal recognition to world-wrecking Communism. Colby's words still might serve well as the preamble to a new UN charter outlawing all Communist nations.

Said Secretary Colby, in 1920:

> It is not possible for the government of the United States to recognize the present rulers of Russia as a government with which the relations common to a friendly government can be maintained. This conviction has nothing to do with any particular political or social structure which the Russian people themselves may see fit to embrace. It rests upon a wholly different set of facts. These facts, which none disputes, have convinced the government of the United States, against its will, that the existing regime in Russia is based upon the negation of every principle of honor and good faith, and every usage and convention, underlying the whole structure of international law — the negation, in short, of every principle upon which it is possible to base harmonious and trustful relations, whether of nations or of individuals.
>
> The responsible leaders of the regime have frequently and openly boasted that they are willing to sign agreements and undertakings with foreign powers while not having the slightest intention of observing such undertakings or carrying out such agreements. This attitude of disregard of obligations voluntarily entered into, they base upon the theory that no compact or agreement made with a non-Bolshevist government can have any moral force for them. They have not only avowed this as a doctrine, but have exemplified it in practice.
>
> Indeed, upon numerous occasions the responsible spokesmen of this power, and its official agencies, have declared that it is their understanding that the very existence of Bolshevism in Russia, the maintenance of their own rule, depends, and must continue to depend, upon the occurrence of revolutions in all other great civilized nations, including the United States, which will overthrow and destroy their governments and set up Bolshevist rule in their stead. They have made it quite plain that they intend to use every means, including, of course, diplomatic agencies, to promote such revolutionary movements in other countries . . .
>
> Inevitably, therefore, the diplomatic service of the Bolshevist government would become a channel for intrigue and the propaganda of revolt against the institutions and laws of countries with which it was at peace, which would be an abuse of friendship to which enlightened governments cannot subject themselves.
>
> In the view of this government, there cannot be any common ground upon which it can stand with a power whose conceptions of international relations are so entirely alien to its

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> own, so utterly repugnant to its moral sense. . . . We cannot recognize, hold official relations with, or give friendly reception to the agents of a government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions; whose diplomats will be the agitators of dangerous revolt; whose spokesmen say that they sign agreements with no intention of keeping them.

ALL OF THIS sound historical logic was rejected and repudiated, first in 1933 when Roosevelt recognized Russia, and again in 1945, by admission of Russia to the UN, with three votes and the veto.

Alger Hiss was a principal architect of the UN. At the historic Yalta Conference of February 1945, which set the date for the April, San Francisco meeting creating the UN, Hiss was at the right hand of President Roosevelt. When the question arose of three votes for Russia, against one for the U.S., the matter was referred to a special committee of experts. This committee, as the world learned some three years later, consisted of Gladwyn Jebb for Great Britain, Gromyko for Russia and Alger Hiss for the U.S.

When the UN was established, at San Francisco in April-July 1945, Alger Hiss was the Secretary-General of the conference, with a staff of 300 hand-picked State Department assistants in the Secretariat. *Time* magazine then reported:

"Alger Hiss will be an important figure there. As Secretary-General, managing the agenda, he will have a lot to say behind the scenes about who gets the breaks."

The ten-year history of the UN since 1945 tells the world eloquently, and tragically, who got the breaks — pagan Communism.

The Hiss-Roosevelt Charter, as we now see so clearly, was only a gigantic bear trap — a carefully wrought scheme to clothe Communism in robes of respectability, and give it a place at the world council table.

The proof of this egregious Communist conspiracy already is documented in history. When the UN was established in 1945 fewer than 200,000,000 people were under the Communist yoke; today there are more than 800,000,000 people under Communist slavery.

This has been the one historical accomplishment of the UN — to breathe the breath of life into discredited, pagan Communism, give it a voice in the councils of freedom, and intimate daily access to all the political and military secrets of the world.

And all of this mischief, under the Hiss design, has been sustained and supported by the U.S. Treasury, which, overall, has contributed roughly 90 percent of all UN operating costs since 1945.

To all UN history the entire free world now cries, "Foul! Foul!"

It's time for a new start — without Communism in the world's family circle.

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# *Maybe You Didn't Know...*

BY MORRISON COLLADAY

SOME ANIMALS think in the same sense that man does, and, as a result of their thoughts, work out their problems, enjoy social life and conversations among themselves, and establish their own little governments.

These findings concerning the intellect and self-expression of animals have been disclosed by leading zoologists after research and detailed study.

Dr. W. Reid Blair of the New York Zoological Park ranks animals in the following order of intelligence: 1) chimpanzee, 2) orangoutang, 3) elephant, 4) gorilla, 5) domestic dog, 6) beaver, 7) domestic horse, 8) sea lion, 9) bear and 10) domestic cat.

Although agreeing with Dr. Blair on the brilliance of the chimpanzee, Dr. Robert M. Yerkes of Yale believes the gorilla is more dependable in its thinking and comes up with the right answers more often.

Another zoologist, Dr. C. R. Carpenter of the Asiatic Primate Expedition in Siam, has established that gibbons talk to each other. He concealed phonographs (with parabolic reflectors to gather sound) in trees where wild gibbons dwell. After recording their conversations, he played the recordings back to them and, watching their reactions, was able to learn the meanings of the various cries and establish the foundation of a gibbon's language.

Chimpanzees behave like human beings in their relations with one another except that they are more considerate of each other than are the average human beings. Drs. H. W. Nissen and M. P. Crawford, both of the Yale Laboratory of Primate Biology, say that the proportion of selfish individuals is smaller among chimpanzees.

There is not much fighting in a flock of goats because each goat knows its place in goat society. Dr. John Paul Scott of the Jackson

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Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine, reports on his experiments with them in *Physiological Zoology*. A flock of goats usually has a system of dominance. "Every goat has butted every other goat until it is obvious which goat is boss. After an initial period of stress and strain, the flock acquires an established social order. Except during the breeding season, each goat knows and keeps his place in the flock."

Wild geese flying in a phalanx behave as if they were under military discipline. When the goose that has been acting as leader grows tired, he is succeeded in that position by another and this one by a third, and so on. There is perfect military precision in the change of command.

Some animals, like some people, act by instinct; others use intelligence. "Animal societies may be usefully distinguished as predominantly intelligent and predominantly instinctive, with gradations between the two," say Sir J. Arthur Thompson and Patrick Geddes. "Thus societies of a predominantly intelligent basis are illustrated by a troop of baboons, a herd of elephants, horses or cattle, a community of prairie dogs or viscachas; while societies of a predominantly instinctive basis are illustrated by the communities among ants, bees and wasps."

Some varieties of ants have developed a typical aristocratic society. "Some of the slave-owning species have become so effete that they will starve to death in the presence of food rather than wait on themselves," says Donald C. Peattie. "They live only to be waited on, and from time to time to sally forth and destroy their victims, carrying off their young to be raised in captivity and slavery."

There is an Australian spider that goes fishing for moths. The naturalist, Longman, tells how this spider spins a thread "bearing at its free end a globule of very viscid matter a little larger than the head of a pin. The thread is held out by one of the front legs and, on the approach of a moth, the spider whirls the thread and the globule with surprising speed. The moth, which seems to be attracted, is struck, caught, pulled in, killed and sucked. When it is touched by the whirling globule, it is as helpless as a fly on flypaper."

Fish whoop and giggle and sometimes make noises so loud that they mask the sound of propellers and could possibly even explode acoustic mines or torpedoes. Dr. Martin W. Johnson of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography of California, made recordings of their noises. He said the most musical is the toadfish which utters a dove-like cooing. Groups of fish get together at certain times of day and certain times of the year to give choruses.

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Although creatures can only imitate man in their thinking and actions, there are many ways they surpass human beings. Some living creatures, for example, can be frozen without being killed. "I've seen a gold fish frozen in liquid air at a temperature of hundreds of degrees below zero," says Dr. Henry Eyring, professor of chemistry at Princeton University. "The frozen fish became as brittle as glass, and yet, with careful warming, it thawed out, recovered its faculties and swam away."

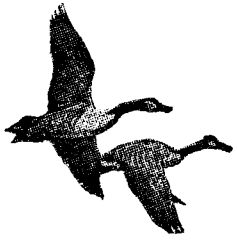
THE ELECTRIC EEL is a more efficient generator of electricity than any other apparatus in use by man. Professor R. T. Cox of New York University, and C. W. Coates, aquarist of the New York Zoological Society, tested a small specimen only 11½ inches long and found it developed 196 volts for a period of 4½ hours.

In their studies, scientists have discovered other interesting information. They have, for instance, been able to reproduce the cold light of fireflies by mixing four chemicals — luminol, sodium hydroxide, potassium ferrocyanide and hydrogen peroxide. "The firefly is not especially efficient," says Dr. Saul Dushman, assistant director of research for the General Electric Company. "In fact, it is only about one-twelfth as efficient as a sodium-vapor highway lamp such as is being used to light stretches of highway in various parts of the country."

A large flight of locusts weighs 15,000 tons, as much as 200,000 men. According to Professor Archibald V. Hill, they would consume enough fat in an eight-hour flight to provide the daily energy requirements of 500,000 men.

Fish *do* fall from the sky. Dr. A. J. Bajkov of the Oyster Laboratory at Biloxi, Mississippi, was in Marksville, Louisiana, when a shower of fish occurred. He reported what happened in *Science*, the organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There were minnows, bass, and other native fish from two to nine inches long and they fell over an area of 1,000 feet long and 75 feet wide. The weather had been calm for days.

The animal world is, indeed, a strange one about which we are constantly learning new facts.



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# The New REPUBLICAN PARTY

*By Richard Lloyd Jones*

SOMETHING momentous came out of the McCarthy controversy that the Democrats can not ignore, and the Republicans must respect. A new party was born.

As a nation we have lost our way because you and I have been indifferent to the subversive influences which have become so effective they influenced the White House to join in the outcry against McCarthy.

At the Republican National Convention two years ago, McCarthy, who had been revealing the subversive forces, was made, by party proclamation, one of its key policy promulgators. That convention gave noisy and emphatic endorsement to McCarthy and to Eisenhower for endorsing McCarthy.

But the one-worlders, the moneycrats, the international bankers, engineered Eisenhower into not only an endorser, but a director of the little group of Republican Senators who defied ten million Americans. Those ten million Americans voiced the thought of the nation. And now many Americans are impatient to return to those liberties and constitutional rights that made our collective prosperity and made possible our individual pursuit of happiness.

A lot of people are tired of seeing the name McCarthy in print. So are we. His name will soon lose its news value, but the things he has stood for and fought for will not lose their news value. They will increase in public interest and they will dominate the spiritual and political life of this nation. Out of the censure controversy there has come the general assertion that McCarthy has divided the Republican Party.

But McCarthy did not divide the Republican Party. His enemies did. It was his enemies who used the vast power of the Eastern newsmagazine and newspaper press to peddle the fantastic assertion that McCarthy had killed free speech in America. The absurdity of the charge helped divide the party.

A confused and equivocal Secretary of the Army helped divide the party by prosecuting a case that shipwrecked itself on the unanswered question, "Who promoted Peress?" Why, asked millions of Americans, should such a question be considered impertinent?

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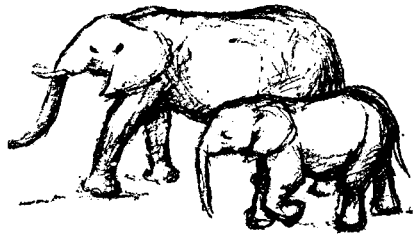
ONE THING is certain as the result of this tiresome Senate controversy. The Republican Party *is* split. And the Democratic Party has lined up solid to emphasize that division. The Democratic Party has played a small and unbecoming part in trying to make a party issue out of what should be a patriotic rally to the support of American heritage. The Democratic Party has played true to its New Deal and Fair Deal objectives of cultivating the support of the anti-anti-Communists.



The Democrats can not go to the people in the next presidential election asking for support of their solid endorsement of censuring a patriotic Senator for doing his duty. The Democratic Party has made its political bed and it must lie in it.

There is a rift. Flanders of Vermont, Watkins of Utah, Sherman Adams of New Hampshire, and Eisenhower put it there. Utah, Vermont, New Hampshire, so far as electoral votes are concerned, are comparatively inconsequential. But California, the second strongest political state in the Union, rises up with Knowland. He is the leader of that division that may rebuild the Republican Party with new inspiration, new dedication and strong devotion to our country's cause.

As a leader, Eisenhower's much publicized popularity will face the rational and muscular patriotism that is proclaimed and promoted by such *statesmen* as Bricker of Ohio; Styles Bridges of New Hampshire; Dirksen of Illinois; Hickenlooper of Iowa; Jenner and Capehart of Indiana; Mundt of South Dakota; Malone of Nevada; and Knowland of California. There is a powerhouse of patriotic courage and integrity.

As of now, the strongest among them is Knowland. He is no coattail rider. He is a challenger. He is a champion of our Republic. And that is what the people wanted two years ago and didn't get. That is what they still want and are now determined to get.

Ten million Americans who signed the petitions denouncing the clumsy censure of McCarthy are going to have a lot of influence on the Republican Party. The Republican Party is going to be reborn, reconsecrated, and rededicated to the principles which our forefathers' bequeathed us. The new Republican Party is going to reawaken our slumbering citizens to a comprehension of our heritage.

Ike and Tom Dewey and Winthrop Aldrich played the game to stop inquiry into subversives, and

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they lost New York, our most populous state. California, the next largest, went Republican. In the next national convention the Knowland Republicans from California may be in command. Dewey has lost most of his power now, even with his own New York delegates. By 1956, Eastern delegates to the Republican Convention may be hurrying to join the Knowland group.

Eisenhower wants to get rid of Knowland as Republican Senate leader. This would be a grave mistake. Senator Knowland is a worthy successor to Bob Taft. He has his own convictions. He has the courage to differ with the Party leadership.

By now it should be amply proven that the Republicans gain nothing by me-tooism. It was a fatal theory — this idea that by following a line as close as possible to that of the Democrats, the Republicans could woo Democratic voters. The wreckage of the Willkie and Dewey campaigns proved it.

The one-worlders were never Republicans in principle, in spirit or performance. They should not be permitted to confiscate the Party again.

OURS is a lovely land to live in. We used to be acquainted with its loveliness. We rallied to the support of political leaders who wanted us to continue our enjoyment of freedom and our right to pursue happiness.

While we have been going astray, complacently accepting our heritage as an inalienable right, we have been losing those rights. We have seen these New Dealers and Fair Dealers devise one socialistic contraption after another, centralizing our government in bureaucratic dictatorships with punishing tax outrages. And now millions of Americans are tired of all that. They are eager to hail the party that will again be the crusader that will restore to us our heritage, our lost American way of life.

We build colleges, then elect one-worlders who drag us into entangling alliances that veto our laws, that force our sons out of schooling and into war camps in alien lands. There our boys are imprisoned on trumped-up charges and red-blooded *Americans* are not in the Congress or White House to stop the infamy. The people want to get out of this UN.

The people want peace. We used to have it. How did we lose it? Our youths used to plan their college careers. They could seek profession or trade securities. Those things are gone. Two years ago we were assured that the Republican Party would lead us back to the muscular righteousness of this great heritage, but it hasn't turned out that way.

The McCarthy circus *has* divided the Republican Party into two factions — those who want to coddle the subversives, and those who are going to give that party a new birth of purpose.

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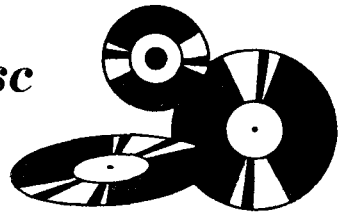
# Sound on Disc

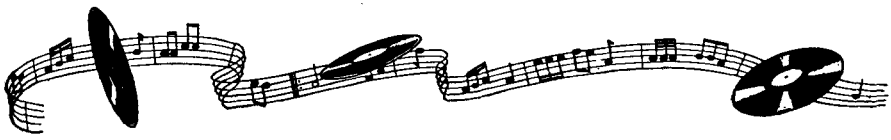


IT IS A WEIRD and wonderful experience to start with the old German records of Marlene Dietrich, as I have just done, and work up to her latest (and most resplendent) album for Columbia. The manner and the style remain the same; the deep voice, the sexual suggestiveness, the mocking undertone, the ineffable artistry have not been dulled by time.

Hemingway once wrote that Marlene Dietrich "knows more about love than anyone," but he was not quite right. For what Marlene gives to those who listen to her is a sense of the wonder, despair, and effulgence of passion. This is what the lonely and the happily married dream about. The beautiful gestures of meeting, fulfillment and parting — of invitation and renunciation — exist in a world that few of us inhabit. Briefly, as Marlene sings, we have a glimpse of it.

*Marlene Dietrich at the Café de Paris* was recorded when she opened at that smart London supper club. Noel Coward recites a poem, and then it is Marlene all the way, talking and singing *La Vie En Rose*, *Falling in Love Again*, the naughty *Jonny*, *Lili Marlene*, *No Love No Nothin'*, *Das Lied ist Aus*, and other songs she has made famous. The variety is infinite, yet it is the variety of sameness — and this is the core of her genius. (Col. ML 4975)

So having writ, I move on to Bach, Beethoven, the Venetian School, and other matters both serious and frivolous. Three Bach concertos — in *D Minor for Two Violins*, in *A Minor*, and in *E Major* — are incorporated on one Vox LP, with Walther Davisson conducting the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart. I call to your attention particularly the *A Minor Violin Concerto* — actually a *concerto grosso* — for its rich and in-turned beauty, and its personal commentary on Bach's soul. I rank this in importance with Bach's *Double Harpsichord Concerto in C*, another work of pensive illumination. The performance, and the recording, are excellent. For Bach lovers, it is a must. (Vox PL 9150)





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A new recording of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7 in A Major* — by Jonia Perlea conducting the Vienna State Philharmonia — is also welcome. Until now, I had been exclusively partial to the Furtwangler reading on HMV for its depth of understanding, its majestic sweep, and the conductor's power over the orchestra. The Perlea performance, however, has a gentleness, a romantic lilt, which I find very endearing. The recording, as such, is also considerably more faithful. Listen and compare. I intend to keep both side by side on my shelf. (Vox PL 9120)

Of more than a little moment is a record of *Motets* by Andrea Gabrieli and contemporaries of the Venetian School, in which Mgr. Giovanni D'Alessi directs the Choir of the Capella di Treviso. These sixteenth-century liturgical pieces by the elder Gabrieli, Asola, Nasco, and others, reflect the high point in the musical transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque era. I see no point in throwing musicology at you. I do say that this was perhaps the last concerted burst in praise of the Lord, before music began going determinedly secular. In Gabrieli's *Maria Magdalene*, Nasco's *Ave Maria*, and Asola's *Ave Rex Noster*, you will experience man's concern with the ritual of Belief — still loyal to the polyphonic traditions of the Flemish school, yet questing for harmonic richness and freedom. This is great music, lovingly sung. (Vox PL 8790)

In 1921, three years before he died, the great French composer, Gabriel Fauré, wrote a *Quintet for Piano and Strings* (No. 2, Opus 115). Much of Fauré's music is drowned out by the brash noises of the contemporary concert hall. He was quiet, serious, introspective, and devoted to a craftsmanship of the mind rather than the decibel. The *Quintet* — with Gaby Casadesus at the piano and the perfectionist Guilet String Quartet — is an abstractionist work in soft tones, with an emotional splash of primary color here and there. In a way, it is musician's music, which I usually deplore, but I like it — and I am enthusiastic about the delicacy of the performance. (MGM 3166)

In the frivolous category — or is this treason — is a 12-inch LP by Frank Sinatra called *In the Wee Small Hours*. There are 16 songs in all, chosen from the best of Cole Porter, Rodgers & Hart, Harold Arlen, etc. Frankie has outlived a popularity based on the squeals of the bobby-soxers. He's on his own now — and he does more than all right. (Capitol W 581)

The late Lionel Barrymore was a great one for reciting. In the mock-heroic tradition, he put down on wax that classic of frustration, *Casey at the Bat*. You can hear it now on an MGM 45, with sound effects, crowd noises, and a full helping of the Barrymore schmaltz.

— R. de T.

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# Don't Laugh at the Witch Doctor!

**BY IRV LEIBERMAN**

AN ENGINEER employed by an American oil company in Venezuela was so hideously burned in an explosion that the staff doctor confessed medical science was powerless to save his life.

Hearing this, the engineer's Indian servant smuggled him into a canoe and took him up the Orinoco, into the depths of the jungle. When company officials heard that the engineer had disappeared, they assumed that he had wandered off in delirium, perhaps drowned in a nearby lake.

But three months after his officially recorded "death," the engineer returned to Maracaibo, the ghastly burns on his face completely healed and without any visible scars. His Indian servant had taken him to the hut of a *witch doctor*, where he had lain for six weeks, receiving successful treatment for the injuries a twentieth-century physician had found impossible to cure.

The antics of the tribal medicine man — his face grotesquely painted, his gourd rattles beating out a savage rhythm — may be just a lot of mumbo jumbo to the casual observer. To modern researchers in medicine, however, this weird artist of healing has a lot to contribute. They know there is still much to be learned from the medicine men.

Product of no modern laboratory, quinine came to us from the primitive medicine men of South American Indian tribes who first used the bark of the cinchona tree to treat fever. For modern man it opened the malarial tropics for development and exploitation.

Today, doctors use digitalis to treat certain types of heart ailment. Modern medicine? Hardly. The American Indians used the fox-glove plant, source of digitalis, for heart ailments long before the white man came along.

Centuries before aspirin was produced by western science, South African and American witch doctors administered willow bark to patients suffering from aching joints. And willow bark, as it happens, contains the salicylate used in today's aspirin.



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Comparing the products at the corner drugstore with the strange brews stirred up by a savage medicine man is not so farfetched as it may seem. Dr. Erwin H. Ackerknecht of the University of Wisconsin's Medical School recently pointed out that, until the discovery of the sulfa drugs, only one specific remedy — Dr. Paul Ehrlich's Salvarsan — had been man-made in the modern laboratory. Measure this against the achievements of the witch doctors who gave us quinine, ipecac, emetine, curare, picrotoxin, ephedrine, cascara sagrada and countless others.

Immunization is considered one of the greatest advances of modern medical science. Yet witch doctors among the primitive Kaffirs of South Africa used to extract venom from local snakes, dilute it, and administer it to their fellow tribesmen in gradually increasing doses. The purpose? To build up an immunity against snakebite!

Balsam bark is a standard cure-all among primitive people, but no modern doctor ever put much faith in it. Just before World War II, an Arab came to the office of Dr. Jacob Jacobson in Paris, complaining of a variety of ills, for one of which the doctor prescribed a concoction of balsam.

The doctor was pleased when the patient reported that the balsam extract had soothed the pain for which it had been prescribed; he was baffled when the Arab reported an improvement in his sight, which had been impaired by trachoma.

Dr. Jacobson, now working in New York, recently revealed that certain common types of deafness, due to inflammation of the inner ear, are also healed by this drug.

TODAY, medicine men still effect almost magical cures. One of these was observed recently by Charles Grosse, a trooper in the British South African Police.

While investigating a murder in a remote tribal community, the native corporal assisting Grosse was bitten in the temple by one of the deadliest of snakes — a mamba. An ancient medicine man healed him within four days.

Actually only a small portion of the many thousands of remedies used by witch doctors and medicine men are known to civilized science but each year, new drugs and treatments are unearthed.

In their efforts to catch up with the hidden knowledge of medicine men, many modern laboratories have "gone native." For example, cancer experiments are under way at Edinburgh's Royal College of Physicians, where researchers are trying out a drug used by the fierce Jivaro Indians of South America.

More and more, modern researchers are learning that there is more to medicine men than mumbo jumbo — that they are not only knowledgeable herb doctors but often also skillful surgeons.

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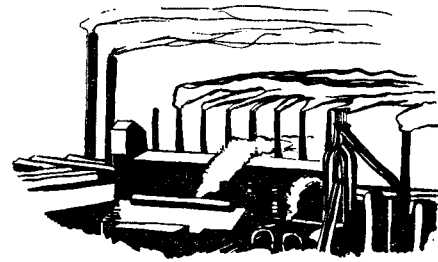
# American Business vs. the Kremlin

**By WALTER E. DITMARS**

*President of Gray Manufacturing Company*



TWENTY-ONE years ago, in November 1933, the President of the United States granted official recognition to the government of the Soviet Union. By that single act, taken against the advice of his own counsel and his predecessors, he opened a Pandora's box and unleashed upon the world the forces of evil which we recognize today as international Communism.

Despite two incredible decades of war, pillage, subversion in high office and espionage, our business leaders, the very heart and soul of our capitalist system, have failed to understand or come to grips with the forces that find their origin in the Moscow Kremlin.

**How many businessmen today realize that everything they have built, everything they stand for, everything that is their future is in mortal danger?**

In a publication entitled, "Subversion and Espionage in Defense Establishment and Industry," published on January 10th of this year by the Committee on Government Operations, the following statement appears:

> Sub-Committee inquiry clearly revealed that for many years one of the main objectives of the Communist Party has been to colonize and ultimately control the basic industries in the United States, such as the steel, electrical, railroad and the shipbuilding industries. To that end, concerted efforts have been made by the Party in placing Communists in facilities, many of which are engaged in making critical items for the defense of this country.

The past 30 years have witnessed increased complexities in business management; day-to-day problems have become a series of day-to-day crises generated by depression, war, postwar readjustment and political implications which the businessman a generation ago did not have to cope with. A very high percentage of those problems can be traced directly to that recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933 and the mounting tensions which relationship with the international Communist apparati have brought about.

On top of that, increased governmental controls under the guise of regulations, but actually of Socialist nature, created conditions of almost



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intolerable hardship for conscientious managers.

**How many businessmen recognize Communist-Socialist thinking in legislation affecting their business?**

Innocent-appearing legislation such as the Excess Profits Tax has contributed to the evils we have been describing. If ever there was a Marxist-inspired piece of legislation, the Excess Profits Tax was it.

Businessmen protested against the tax which remained on the books for years. However, how many knew that the tax was originally conceived by the old Nye Committee at the time Alger Hiss was General Counsel of that committee?

**How many businessmen have lost time and money, plants and orders through Communist-inspired strikes, sabotage and slowdowns?**

The disastrous strikes which we have witnessed in the past 15 years, the high rate of taxation necessary to maintain powerful security forces in the face of the international Communist conspiracy, the inspired strikes, riots and sabotage of plants and equipment are all directly traceable to the Communists' organizations inside the United States.

The efforts of the Communists to gain control of the basic industries such as steel, electricity and transport have been largely concentrated on the labor unions representing the workers of those industries. A good example is the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union with 300,000 members. Listen to what Louis F. Budenz has to say about that:

> During the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the question of leadership in the UE first became an issue. The Communists had specific instructions to create strikes everywhere, for the benefit of Hitler, and they did succeed in cutting down American defense production in the big walkout at Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee, in 1941 and in the shutting down of the North American aircraft plant at Ingleside, California, in the same year. They were also responsible for instigating a number of other stoppages, with a view to preventing the United States from defending itself, or affording such aid to Britain as would save it from Nazi conquest.

Professor Budenz goes on to say:

> The UE has consistently followed the Communist line on every occasion, and its strategic location at the General Electric plant at Schenectady, New York, which is connected with atomic manufacture, and in other like places, constitutes a serious threat to American security.

Do you, Mr. Businessman, believe that this and like action might have had some effect upon your business?

**Do you want to be relieved of the backbreaking taxes and your sons from spending years of their lives in military establishments with the prospect of being blown into bits on distant battlefields unless the Communist scourge is eradicated from this globe?**

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Every man in business, whether he runs the corner filling station or a billion-dollar corporation knows what taxes are doing to his business and to his own private income. He is willing to pay for necessary protection by his government. An adequate defense establishment is simply necessary insurance in this unsettled world. But he is sick of paying for everybody else's insurance. I'm tired of buying friends, and I know you are. I'm tired of training a young man who marches away for military service, and my plant reception room walls are covered with the names of those who served — and died.

Human resources are more important than gold and for that reason alone, we've got to stop Communism now. We've got to stop it wherever it raises it's head — in schools, churches, industry and wherever. And we've got to be ready to stop it despite the anguished cries of the do-gooders who deplore "methods." The way to kill a snake is to kill it dead.

Two decades ago, businessmen in what are today's Iron Curtain countries would have thought us insane if we had predicted recent events. Yet today these businessmen, large and small, are dead, banished or destroyed — and their countries with them.

**How is Communism going to affect your business?**

It does not take much thought to understand how a Communist-dominated union such as the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union could cripple dozens of allied industries by creating trouble among the copper miners and copper finishers. Nor does it take a genius to appreciate that the Red unionization of office workers, whether in private or in public positions, would mean that such workers were in a key position to serve the Communist conspiracy.

It is difficult for a workman to understand that unions such as these or other unions with a loud-mouthed Communist minority do not serve the interests of the working men but only the interests of the Kremlin. It is therefore the duty and responsibility of management to let workers and stockholders know when they are being exploited by a Communist front.

In its frenzied efforts to catch up with the twentieth century, the Soviet Union has not only denied its own people the right of free thought and expression, it has also denied them the right to work, to collective bargaining, to trade unions and the other protections which surround the American working man.

When confronted with a lack of technical and industrial know-how, the Soviet Union has resorted to the most widespread and intricate espionage system which history has ever known to steal the secrets of other countries. The United States industrial complex has, therefore, been a number one target. Hearings before the United States Senate last fall indicated that companies such as

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General Electric, Bethlehem Steel, the Westinghouse Corporation, Allis-Chalmers, and many others had been infiltrated by members of the Communist Party who reported not only the production secrets of those companies to the international Communist apparatus but also transmitted information of immense value to Soviet industry.

The conclusions of the Senate Sub-Committee on Investigation are extremely interesting and bear repetition here. Upon hearing the testimony of all witnessses, the Sub-Committee finds:

> (1) The Communist Party has successfully infiltrated national defense industries and is in a position to acquire vital information concerning our military secrets and our military effectiveness.
>
> (2) The employment of Communists in defense facilities, even though they are not actually working on classified material, is a clear and present danger to our national security.
>
> (3) There is no existing legislation which specifically orders the removal of Communists from establishments producing materials for the defense of this country where the Communist employee is engaged on unclassified work.
>
> (4) There are no Department of Defense security regulations which prevent the employment of Communists or their removal from national defense plants where the Communist employee is engaged on unclassified work.

In view of conclusions (3) and (4) it is clearly the job of the plants and plant management to weed out and eliminate these weak points in our security system. It is not just the matter of the security of the United States being involved, although that security is vital if the plants are to continue in future operation, but it is also good business to keep American industrial know-how *here.*

It might be worth mentioning in passing that the export of the British Rolls Royce jet engine to the Soviet Union in 1948 made it possible for the Soviet Air Force to properly power the *MIG* fighter which we met in the skies over Korea.

Businessmen anywhere in the Free World who attempt to make short term deals with the Soviet or the satellite countries are tightening a noose around their own necks. As the might of international Communism increases, the ability of business in the Free World to operate, to compete and to expand will be seriously curtailed and eventually destroyed.

There can be no compromise with Communism either at home or abroad, and any attempt to coexist either politically or economically can only result in harm if not eventual destruction of our form of government, our way of life and most particularly, our way of doing business.

With our house on fire, American business had better come out of its trance and form a bucket brigade.

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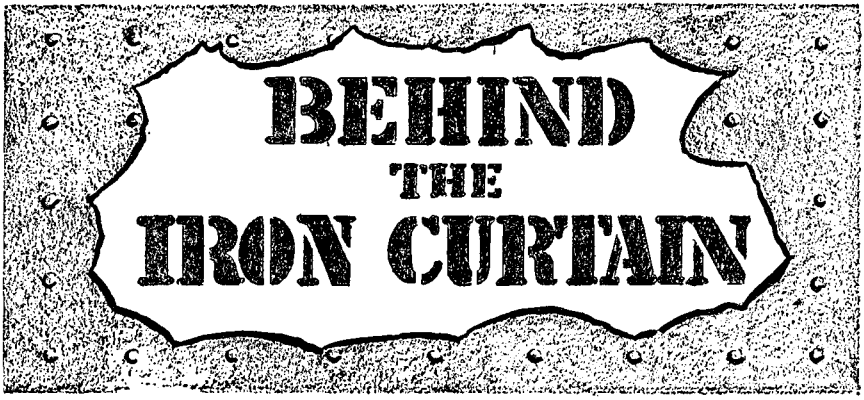


# AUSTRIA:
## *Prelude to the Assault*

By ALAN SET

THERE probably is no place in the world more alive with extravagant hopes of better days soon to come than beautiful old Vienna this summer. After 17 years of foreign occupation — first by Hitler's Germany, then by the four allied powers — Austria is wildly celebrating the long-awaited restoration of her national sovereignty. And true to their traditional sense for artistic beauty, the music-loving Austrians plan to celebrate their liberation with a grandiose performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio." The performance will be in Vienna's bombed and burned out (but now almost reconstructed) State Opera House.

"The Iron Curtain rolls back!" editorialize the papers in London, Paris and Washington; in the movies, we shall see long columns of Soviet troops on the march eastward; we shall be reminded that as long as two years ago, Austria's Dr. Gruber predicted that "if we get the treaty it would mean a real easing of international tension, perhaps even the end of the Cold War," and that our own President several times named Austria as the true "test case" of Russia's intentions.



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Unfortunately, politics cannot be based on wishful thinking, but solely on very careful appraisal of alternative dangers. And so it happens that the danger presented today by Russia's sudden willingness to sign what she had stubbornly refused to accept during nine years of futile negotiations, appears to be greater even than the former dreary Soviet game of perpetual delay by dragging in one or another ridiculously extraneous issue. To understand this, it suffices to reflect upon the whys — first of the long-drawn-out Moscow refusal to conclude the Austrian State Treaty, and then Moscow's sudden eagerness to restore Austria's sovereignty with all possible speed. And we shall never find the correct answer to this question unless we correct several current misconceptions about the true meaning of the Austrian problem.

It is said that the Allied wartime decision that roughly one third of Austrian territory should be temporarily left under occupation by Soviet troops presented Moscow with a *very important* asset from the political, economic and strategic point of view. Politically — we are told — Russia benefited in Austria by building up an advanced stronghold from which to spread her Communist creed all over the Adriatic provinces of the old Hapsburg Empire; economically, she controlled the second largest oilfields in Europe, connected with very recently constructed pipelines to Czechoslovakian refineries and synthetic production plants. Strategically, she eliminated the danger that the West would strike directly at the German Democratic Republic, Czechoslovakia and Hungary across the bulge within their territories which the Soviet zone of Austria forms.

NOT ONLY will the evacuation of Austria create this threatening salient in what is now a straight line from the Baltic to Adriatic, but it will moreover deprive Russia of the right to maintain troops along her lines of communication to Hungary and Rumania.

The *very great importance* ascribed to Russian occupation of Eastern Austria gave rise to a wave of bewilderment and wild speculation the day news came out of the blue that Marshal Bulganin had offered Chancellor Raab "the earliest conclusion of a state treaty on the establishment of an independent and democratic Austria which should serve the national interests of peace in Europe." This proof of sudden Soviet magnanimity was hailed with exultation, amounting to the celebration of a historical day not only by the flabbergasted Austrians, but also by a large part of the Free World.

One of the first to get excited was, of course, James Reston of the New York *Times*, who authoritatively announced that if the Russians kept their word "the area of freedom in the heart of Europe

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would be greatly enlarged," and "Europe will be changed in a most fundamental way."

Had Mr. Reston, and the other exultant commentators, taken the trouble to study the Austrian problem a little closer, taken a look at the map, gathered a few facts, and compared a few figures, they would certainly have found out how little the area of freedom will be enlarged when the Soviet troops pull out from a tiny European territory of some 10,000 square miles, while continuing to hold in their grip vast European territories amounting to 460,500 square miles.

To their great surprise they would have discovered, moreover, that nothing fundamental can be changed by rolling back the Iron Curtain which divides Austria 100 miles, for the very simple reason that no Iron Curtain ever divided Austria. The Soviet zone is separated from the American and British one by something like a chickenwire fence, across which any Austrian, as well as you and I, can pass at any time almost without difficulties. The Iron Curtain, the true one, which one can cross only at the greatest risk and peril was built along the frontiers between the Soviet zone of Austria and Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and this one certainly will not be moved, not even an inch.

THE CRUX of the matter is that the establishment of a Soviet occupation zone in Austria was, from the very beginning, judged by Moscow as useful only in bargaining with the West for something more remunerative. Politically, the obstinately bourgeois Austrians were rightly considered by the Russians to be only a nuisance, and the last elections which gave the Communists only four out of the 165 seats in Parliament proved that this estimate was correct. Together with other Western European countries, Austria is shelved by Moscow to be taken over only at a later stage, probably following another World War.

Economically, the Russians have drained Austria of all the goods they could put their hands on, and they will continue doing so, regardless of the signing of the State Treaty. Strategically, it is of no importance whatsoever whether — in the atomic age — the Red Army is stationed in Vienna or a few miles away. In sharp contrast to what they are doing in East Germany, in Austria the Russians never bothered to establish any form of their own rule even in their own zone. In spite of the presence of Soviet troops, Austria was, for ten years, under the administration of a free and independent Austrian government, and in Vienna itself one often did not know whether he was in the American, British or Soviet sector.

The answer to the question, why did Moscow sabotage for such a long time the conclusion of an Austrian State Treaty, lies not in the

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fact that she did not want to lose a valuable asset, but in the most respected principle of Soviet diplomacy — never to give away something for nothing.

It is currently said that the reason for Russia's new Austrian policy is her intention to impress the Germans with the notion that, at the price of neutrality, Germany could be unified, as Austria is being unified. However plausible, this explanation may prove erroneous. For it is not quite clear whether, in spite of all their tittle-tattle, the Russians do seriously think of giving up their German Democratic Republic. Stalin always considered partitioning Germany as the best possible solution. Nothing shows that the present Soviet rulers, much as they disapprove of the West German arming, do not prefer two Germanies — one of which becomes a very important Communist citadel — to a unified great power, 70,000,000 strong, even if theoretically neutralized.

COME WHAT MAY in Germany's problematical unification, there is at hand a broader and certainly correct solution of the latest Soviet puzzle. Bent on conquest, as it is by its very essence, the Soviet government is ready to pay a very high price for anything which helps to disintegrate the enemy's defenses against which the Red armies will one day have to march. And is there at present anything more damaging to the West's spirit of resistance than news spread, not from Moscow but from Paris, London or New York, that, thanks to Russian goodwill, "the Iron Curtain is rolling back in Austria," "the area of freedom is being greatly enlarged," and "Europe is being changed in a most fundamental way"? Does it make sense to spend billions upon billions on armaments when there is no one to be afraid of, when the new Soviet masters give final proof of their peaceful intentions?

All this confused talk is well in tune with what is spread from Moscow. What we now hear being played by the Russians is not a military march, but a soft prelude, in fact the prelude to the assault. It is a very long and most alluring piece of music which, if necessary, can go on for years. But its aim will always be the same: to lull the West into a dream of false security.

At the same time, new weapons are being perfected in the USSR, more divisions are being trained and more millions of men are being educated in the belief of the unavoidable triumph of Communism over the rotten and barbaric West.

Austria has her State Treaty — which she could have gotten nine years ago. A happy, neutral and disarmed nation is now chanting the glories of peace — more unaware than ever of the terrible danger which relentlessly swells only a few miles away, not too far from their blue Danube, behind the Iron Curtain.

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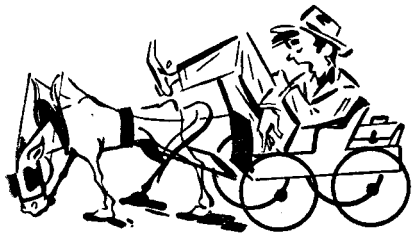
# We Didn't Call It SUPER SERVICE But . . .



BY CAROLINE CLARK

ONE DAY not long ago when I couldn't untwist the lid of a fruit jar, my Unconscious, or whatever it is that sometimes takes over on such occasions, said: "Get Ray to do it." For a second it actually seemed like a good idea. Then I realized, of course, that Ray wouldn't be coming around that morning, nor would any other delivery man who might be eased into a household emergency.

What had happened was that my mind had flashed back more than twenty years to one of the summers when Ray, now one of our town's busiest doctors, was delivering ice to build up funds for medical college. A gangling boy, too light for high school football, he was also building up muscles, as he sometimes showed me. "Feel!" he'd say, flexing his right arm; and I'd come back proudly with, "My!"

This little episode was likely to take place after he'd obligingly moved the icebox out from the wall a few inches so I could get the dime that had fallen behind it, or after he'd pried my car bumper loose from a neighbor's car or helped me beat out a grass fire with old rugs and brooms.

Ray did other things for me, too, back in his iceman days, I recalled, as I took a determined grip on the fruit jar: chores that required patience and a light touch, like getting the cat's head out of a salmon can where it was stuck fast, and like holding a frosting pan over a cake while I frosted frantically lest the stuff get too thick to spread. It simply never occurred to me, and I don't think it did to Ray, either, that I might be exploiting him. And, anyway, he always got the frosting pan to scrape.

As I rapped around the edges of the fruit jar lid with a knife — I'd known all the time I should — finally it loosened. But I was off on a



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binge of remembering by this time, and, as I dumped the canned cherries into a dish, I thought of other back-door callers I used to have almost every morning, some of them long after an electric refrigerator had ended the iceman era.

ONE was Mr. Wiggans, the Ichabod Crane-ish man who delivered for the corner grocery. Actually, his name was Riggans, but my daughter, Susan, was using "W" for "R" at the time he started coming to our house; so he was Mr. Wiggans to all of us, and he knew it and didn't seem to mind. In fact, he would say, "Here, let Mr. Wiggans do it," to my small son, who was trying to wind a top string, or call out, "It's Mr. Wiggans," if I had the screen door hooked. There was an air of almost scholarly dignity about him that made me think he had drifted into his present job from a higher calling.

Then there was Mr. Myers. He brought us four quarts of milk every morning for more years than I can number, and he always came right into the kitchen and put it into the refrigerator. You didn't get front porch service from Mr. Myers! It wasn't just ordinary milk, either. It was Jersey milk, as he often reminded us. He kept mighty close tab on how the children were growing. Even their marks in school were a matter of concern.

Christmas we'd find a jar of whipping cream in the refrigerator, and Mrs. Myers, whom we never saw and who was, therefore, a sort of Mrs. Santa Claus, sent a pot holder or crocheted doily that she had made. I never knew whether all of Mr. Myers' customers were so honored. I was afraid to ask, fearing that if they weren't, the question might give rise to hurt feelings.

It had been a long time, I thought, sliding my cherry pie into the oven, since I'd had to put newspapers down to keep my linoleum clean. No one ever comes into my kitchen any more except the family, and occasionally a neighbor. Nowadays I buy my milk, along with my groceries, at the stores where the displays are attractive and the prices "right."

Why shed a tear into the flour sifter for the good old days when tradesmen tramped through my kitchen? Don't ask *me!* I'm not shedding any tears. I wouldn't want drippy old ice brought into my house, and I'm glad my freshly baked cookies don't disappear by the handful the way they used to.

It's just that — well, I used to have some pretty nice people coming around and breaking the morning monotony, and now everything's so slicked-up and streamlined and fast-paced and efficient that I sometimes think . . . I mean I sometimes wonder . . .

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# GUNMEN *don't last long in* COLUMBUS

*By*
*FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.*

IN RECENT YEARS, cities and towns all over the United States have been victimized with increasing frequency by holdup men. FBI figures show that bank robberies have tripled since 1950; supermarkets, restaurants, filling stations and similar businesses are also suffering.

Columbus, Ohio, is combating this menace with a unique system of teamwork between the police and the public which might well be a model to the rest of the country.

Columbus developed its plan after bitter experience. One morning several years ago, three men walked into the Hub Federal Savings & Loan Company, drew pistols and raked $7,000 into a bag. It was a typical bank robbery. The subsequent action of the Columbus police was also typical. A large force descended on the scene; their screaming sirens attracted a huge crowd which added to the confusion and delayed the investigation. Witnesses who might have been helpful were lost in the throng; flustered bank employees became further confused; and the bandits got safely over the city line before their description could be broadcast, having passed many police cars — all screaming to the scene of the crime.

The Hub robbery crystallized the thinking of Lieutenant Wade Knight, now head of the robbery-homicide division of the Columbus police. A veteran officer, Knight realized that most police forces are especially vulnerable to fast-moving out-of-town crooks.

Lieutenant Knight had figured out a plan for catching holdup men. But it was not put into effect until last year when George Scholer, an energetic young graduate of the FBI Academy was appointed Chief of Police. Scholer liked his lieutenant's idea and told him to go ahead.

The first part of the job was strategic planning. There weren't enough police cars available to block every exit from Columbus. Therefore he divided the city into seven districts, cut off by natural barriers that his forces could take advantage of — intersections, railroads, two rivers. When the code letter of a district was signaled by police radio, designated patrol cars would take up



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key posts around its perimeter. Fugitives would have little chance of getting by without being seen by at least one of them. With their location and direction of flight established, the police dispatcher could deploy other cars to pin the criminals down at a strategic spot.

NEXT, Knight ordered that only one car with two officers be sent to the scene of a crime. Two men would be invariably quicker in finding witnesses and getting information than the traditional swarm of policemen. If they wanted specialized investigators such as homicide or fingerprint men or needed reinforcements, police headquarters, of course, dispatched them.

Efficient and economical in manpower as his plan was, Knight found that his motorized forces were not sufficient to make it airtight, so he did a radical thing. He asked the five taxicab companies of Columbus if they would integrate their 200 cars, all equipped with two-way radios, into the police system. They responded at once and several hundred eager, watchful cabbies became a tremendously valuable police observer corps. They make "marvelous cops," Knight says. "Hackies see everything, notice everything. They know people. They can smell a phony a block away." The enthusiasm of the cabbies was so great that Knight had to caution them repeatedly not to jeopardize their cars or themselves. If they spotted a suspect car, they were not to try to stop it but simply to report its position.

The lieutenant had one more unorthodox idea. He felt that police forces never had educated the public on how to behave during a holdup. He began by sending to 500 banks, loan companies, restaurants, supermarkets, filling stations and other concerns a bulletin of practical instructions.

*Do Not Resist* is Knight's first rule. The gunman has the drop on you and he knows all the tricks. You don't. If you resist, you and other innocent people may be killed.

*Obey Implicitly.* If you do exactly what the gunman tells you, that will give him a false sense of security, and he may say and do things that will help identify him later.

*Watch and Memorize.* It is not easy to concentrate on details when a gun is pointed at you but it can be done. Watch for these characteristics and memorize them: 1. Age, height and weight. (Compare the gunman's height and weight with your own.) 2. Hair. (Color? Curly or straight, thick or thin?) 3. Eyes. (Color? Close together or far apart?) 4. Face. (Full or slender? Thick or thin lips? Type of nose?) 5. Hands. (Rough or smooth? Watch for missing fingers and for rings.) 6. Marks. (Scars, moles, bad teeth?) 7. Clothing. (What type? Clean or dirty and ragged?) 8. Voice. (Listen for a regional or foreign accent. *Try to*

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*remember the bandit's exact words.*)
9. Weapon. (What kind of weapon did he use? In which hand did he hold it?)

Lieutenant Knight believed that study of these fundamentals of identification — which are taught to all policemen — would enable any person to get and retain a description of the criminal and how he operated.

LIEUTENANT KNIGHT'S Holdup Alarm Plan paid off for the first time one night last year when two young gunmen, Jacob B. Selby, Jr., and Ralph Monaco, held up the Chef House, a popular restaurant in the eastern section of Columbus.

Entering the Chef House, Selby and Monaco saw only four late diners; they went to the cashier's desk and drew their guns. "Put your money in this bag and don't make any noise," one of them ordered.

The cashier calmly emptied his till, memorizing at the same time what he saw. The gunmen took the filled bag and went to their waiting car. The time was 12:07 A.M.

The evasion tactics of Selby and Monaco during the next quarter hour were shrewd. On reaching Mound Street, a main artery which bisects Columbus, they turned their car westward toward the center of the city, instead of away from it as escaping bandits usually do. The cops, they thought from experience, would be rushing toward the eastern edge of the city. In the next few minutes several police cars speeding east on Mound Street seemed to confirm their assumption.

Approaching the downtown area, the gunmen had one uneasy moment when they saw a police cruiser stationary at an intersection. But the cruiser did not move after them. A taxicab behind them made them nervous with its bright lights, but it turned off after a while and they settled back in their seats for an easy getaway. They had no idea of what had been going on, silently, all around them.

As soon as the robbers left the restaurant, the cashier called police headquarters. At 12:09 a sergeant in a radio car, its siren silent, arrived at the restaurant. At 12:12 the sergeant phoned to the police radio-dispatcher the cashier's detailed description of Selby and Monaco. An alert patron had managed to note that the gunmen's car was a black Cadillac — a 1948 model, he thought — with an out-of-state plate. A few seconds later a high-pitched beep which precedes urgent alarms sounded in the loudspeakers of the 24 police cars in Columbus. "Attention all cars. Holdup Alarm D is now in effect. Proceed to your posts and report."

The police dispatcher had also flipped a switch which connected him directly with the two taxicab dispatchers who operate all five fleets. Within a few moments a hundred cabbies had the same information as the police. At 12:15 a cabbie

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reported a black 1948 Cadillac with a New York license plate going west on Mound Street. Reports from other cabs followed every few seconds, one of these being the cab the gunmen had found so annoying. By 12:20 the police dispatcher was sure he had the right car. He studied the big map on the wall in front of him for a moment and then gave a series of orders.

At 12:22, just 15 minutes after they had walked out of the restaurant, Selby and Monaco came to a screeching halt in front of a big police cruiser that suddenly blocked the roadway of the Scioto River bridge — the place police headquarters had selected as the most escape-proof. Simultaneously, three patrol cars converged on the intersection from various directions, each spilling policemen with drawn revolvers.

"I never seen so many cops be any place so fast or so quiet," one of the hoodlums said as handcuffs were snapped on him.

THE FIRST TEST of the Columbus plan by a bank robbery took place in Columbus a few months ago — and the holdup man lasted just five minutes. Shortly after the Commonwealth Loan Company opened its doors one morning, a neatly dressed, middle-aged man walked up to the chief-cashier's counter and took $1,000 at gun point. At 9:35 he got into a car just leaving a nearby parking lot, shoved his gun into the driver's ribs and ordered him to the Union Depot.

The cashier had followed Lieutenant Knight's instructions. At 9:36 a description of the bandit was broadcast to police cars and the cab companies. Alarm Plan B was signaled. At 9:37 a parking-lot attendant phoned police headquarters to say that he thought one of his customers had been kidnaped by a gunman. The attendant's description of the hijacker tallied with the cashier's, and his description of the car was on the air at once.

At 9:38 a motorcycle patrolman saw the gunman getting out of the car at Union Station. The patrolman, slow on the draw because of heavy gloves, was disarmed by the alert bandit, who then fled. The officer saw the man jumping into a farm truck. He ran to his cycle, picked up the transmitter microphone, and spoke a few words. At 9:40, two patrol cars forced the truck, driven by a terrified farmer under the bandit's gun, to a stop. The gunman surrendered meekly.

Lieutenant Knight's alarm plan has not only sharply cut the robbery rate in Columbus but has begun to influence police departments all over the country. Since it was recently published in the FBI's *Law Enforcement Bulletin* — a publication for police officials — an increasing number of chiefs are showing interest in following the example. "Make the public part of the police force," says Knight, "and crooks find life pretty difficult."

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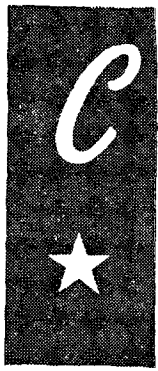

# Communist VOICES OF AMERICA

by Stella Andrassy

"IN MAY THIS YEAR, NEW TYPES OF FLAME-THROWERS WERE TRIED OUT ON THE POW'S OF CAMP NO. 27. ...EIGHT HUNDRED KOREAN AND CHINESE POW'S HAVE BEEN BURNED ALIVE."

". . . THE AMERICAN COMMAND HAS SENT, SECRETLY, 1,400 POW'S FROM KOREA TO THE UNITED STATES IN ORDER TO TRY ATOMIC WEAPONS ON THEM."

WERE these "news items" printed in Moscow? They sound as if they were lifted out of *Pravda*. Yet they appeared right here in the United States, on the first page of the *Ukrainian Daily News* — without a word of comment, just straight news — in November 1953. These quotations are typical samples of the Soviet-inspired propaganda which is constantly and persistently rolling off the small, but vigorously active, subversive section of our foreign-language press.

*Communism does not bud mysteriously in any individual or nation.* It is deliberately planted in the minds and hearts of men. The masterminds of Moscow have been doing this systematically for decades. So far they have not missed many opportunities. From school to church, they have made use of all available means to influence people and penetrate into this country.

America is becoming more and more alerted to this fact, and much is being done to prevent further Communist infiltration. However, one of the Soviet's many media has so far been almost overlooked, and that is the *Communist foreign-language press, printed here in the United States.* The simple reason why



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it has been able to stay so unnoticed is that most Americans cannot read foreign languages.

There are 30 different publications which are (1) either straight Communistic, or (2) fellow traveling. In 21 languages — from Armenian to Ukrainian — they eagerly express their admiration of the present regimes behind the Iron Curtain and their contempt for conditions in America. Their total circulation is 137,000, which is far above the best-known American Communist paper, the *Daily Worker*, which has a circulation of only 10,443 on weekdays and 28,822 on Sundays.

These papers, when read separately, give the impression of being rather insignificant little sheets. But when collected and read as a complete work, they reveal their potency.

THE ENTIRE foreign language press is something that only can exist in this tolerant country. Today, no less than 850 publications are printed in 35 different languages, with a total circulation of over 5,000,000. Every political faction, religious sect and racial group is represented in this colorful and manifold press, including the Communist and fellow traveler sheets.

It must be stressed that the majority of the foreign-language press is strongly anti-Communistic and loyal to America. These papers are, and have been, fighting Communism more sharply and with more knowledge and consistency than the English-language press has ever done, or knew how to do.

The Communist press, with its 30 publications, constitutes about 3 percent of the entire foreign-language press. "Only 3 percent! — but that is nothing." That is the usual relieved reaction to this fact. But one should not be fooled by what seems a small fraction. It was not the *number* of Communists that counted when power was seized in other countries.

In Hungary, for example, it was only 100 men — trained in Moscow — who quickly forced themselves into the vital key positions. And in 1917, when the Reds overthrew the Russian government and murdered the Czar, there was only one Communist for every 2,277 Russians. In the United States, there is one Communist for every 1,814 Americans — a ratio far greater than when Bolshevism broke out in Russia.

You may say: "Well, only a bunch of foreigners read those papers anyhow." That is right. But we must not forget that these so-called "foreigners" often speak English as well as their own language. And they can spread all the poison that they imbibe from the Red press not only to their own national groups but also to all Americans they can reach.

Yet the greatest evil is not done in this country alone. Americans can read their own papers and can sift the truth for themselves. What is generally not known is the fact that

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*the only American newspapers that are freely admitted to the countries behind the Iron Curtain are these publications, printed in foreign languages in the United States.*

The editor of the Carpathian-Russian paper, *Karpatska Rus* of Yonkers, advertises that ". . . our newspaper is delivered regularly to readers in Poland and Czechoslovakia." He adds: "Whoever of our people in America wants to renew the subscription for families and acquaintances in the old world should send his subscription." The same paper of January 14, 1955, carries thanks from subscribers in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

THUS, to the people behind the Iron Curtain, these papers represent America. *It is difficult for them to doubt that papers, printed in the United States, are not telling the truth.* In its fight against Communism, America stands virtually alone. We need friends wherever they can be found. Behind the Iron Curtain, millions of men and women are looking to America as the savior of the world. But what they read in the papers labeled "American" cannot help but undermine their confidence and dash their hopes.

Here are some samples of what is told as "truth" about America: The Hungarian weekly *Bermunkas*, of Cleveland, claims in its issue of December 6, 1952, that it discloses "the incontrovertible proof of American financiers and the general staff waging bacteriological warfare in Korea . . . the terrible plans of the American cannibals were supported recently by Eisenhower."

The Czech *Nova Doba* (Chicago) on October 10, 1952, certainly did not try to hide its anti-American feelings when it flared out: "Mr. Kennan . . . represents imperialist America who is the perpetrator of all the evil in the world."

Soviet Russia is daily praised to the skies through the entire Red press. A typical example is the following from the Latvian *Amerikas Latvietis* of Boston: "On its 35th anniversary, Soviet Russia stands out as an example for the people in any country, for people of every race and nationality."

In the *Greek-American Tribune* of January 1953, the readers are informed that: "Today the world continues to be divided into two camps: The camp of peace . . . at the head of which stands the USSR: and the camp of war and reaction . . . lead by the U.S.A."

*Russky Golos* of New York is the best-known Russian Communist paper. Its circulation of 8,347 is roughly the same as the *Daily Worker*. In many ways it is just another version of the Kremlin's own *Pravda*. Its January issue of 1955 paints a glowing picture of life in the new kolkhozes along the Chinese border in Siberia. (Untold numbers of people have lately been deported to this remote spot in order to strengthen this Asiatic frontier.)

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*Hromadsky Holos*, a Ukrainian semi-monthly of New York follows a different technique. It carefully avoids praising the Soviet Union government openly. Instead it prints inoffensive works of Ukrainian-Soviet writers, without ever mentioning that the same poets in other verse have praised Stalin and the happy life in USSR.

FEW COUNTRIES have fought so long and so ardently against Communism as Hungary. Toward the end of the First World War, it had its first violent outbreak of Communism. After a short but bitter fight, the Hungarians then succeeded in freeing themselves from its clutches. Their Communist leaders fled — some to the United States, some to Russia. But after Hungary was delivered to the Soviet at the Yalta Conference, the latter returned and took over the key positions (which many of them are still holding).

Meanwhile, those Hungarian Communists who found a haven in the U.S.A. have been very busy. Several papers, like *Magyar Szo*, *Nok Vilaga*, *Bermunkas* and other radical publications are at their disposal. The *Bermunkas*' antagonism against America, religion and refugees is clearly expressed in an article about PEP (President's Escapee Program):

> . . a recently founded committee, aiming to help financially those refugees who have been lured to flee from the Iron Curtain countries [by the Voice of America]. Once they had gained their "freedom," they thought they would find milk and honey . . . Instead they were thrown in concentration camps . . . The PEP consists of only 30 members. For this reason the bulk of the work has to be performed by different church and other organizations. Now we understand why the Protestant, Catholic and even Jewish churches of America develop such an interest for refugees and the "Free Europe." Because in this way some of PEP's many millions can fall also in their laps . . . For this reason we have labeled the Hungarian clergy "vultures." The only difference between them and these birds is that vultures respect living beings, but these dignitaries are thriving on the blood-money they suck from the living . . ."

Another example is the Rosenbergs who were long the pet topic of the entire Red press. In all languages they were mourned as innocent martyrs. The Slovak *Ludove Noviny* (Chicago) took a peculiar stand about their stealing of atomic secrets:

> Professor Einstein, Lisa Meitner, Professor Joliot-Curie, Soviet mathematicians and physicists, and hundreds of other men and women have solved the question of the atom. All of a sudden the American capitalists proclaim that the whole thing is an "American secret." The judges and jurors, terrorized by anti-Semitic supermen, sentenced to death two innocent people, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, on the basis of the testimony of a man who gave to some-

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body, non-existing "atomic secrets" known to the whole scientific world.

One of the Hungarian sheets made the statement that the "death-bells are not tolling for the Rosenbergs alone. They are tolling for everyone who is not inclined to pledge allegiance to Washington's catastrophic, anti-Communistic hysteria and war politics."

IT IS AMAZING how faithfully all these papers are supporting Soviet politics. One week *Novosti* wrote: "Doctor-terrorists have confessed that they poisoned Zhdanov . . . they had received the directives from the Zionist organizations and the American and British Intelligence." A few months later the exact opposite was printed as the truth.

One day a Beria or a Malenkov is praised as a hero. Next day he is named as a "traitor to the people."

Not to be overlooked are the entertainment sections of the foreign-language press, which often serve as a guide to Communist psychological warfare. Exact information is given as to where lectures are being held and amusements are taking place. They also tell who the Party-approved speakers and artists are.

Communists, of course, never do a single thing without a definite purpose. Whether they arrange a concert or a lecture, they do it with the specific intention of trapping new victims, keeping a hold on their old members, or making a drive for the Party. All their amusements are wrapped in a neat propaganda package. As, for instance, the "Cultural Festival" which took place in Detroit on January 30, 1955, and which was arranged by the Michigan Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, in order to collect funds for its activities. It was advertised in *Glos Ludowy*, *Narodna*, *Volys*, *Narodni Glasnik* and others.

Through the entertainment sections, the readers are also urged to listen to special programs which are sponsored by Red sympathizers, or where the commentator is a Party member. There are an astonishing amount of foreign-language programs in the United States — roughly 500 — and the Communists definitely make use of some of them for their propaganda.

The Communists only recommend such books in their papers as serve their cause. However, there must have been some snag in the literary supply-line from the Kremlin, which induced the Polish *Glos Ludowy* to burst out: "Nazi-like anti-Semitic propaganda is going through the mails, while even scholarly publications are forbidden for United States readers . . . The USSR recently made available to U.S. subscribers hundreds of Soviet magazines and newspapers with all aspects of Soviet life and research studies, among them scientific publications. The U.S. Post Office Department has sharply limited the numbers of universities . . . per-

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mitted to receive Soviet publications . . ."

TO COUNTERBALANCE this lack of literature, a new publishing company was founded — Cameron and Kahn, Inc. According to the *Armenian Tribune* of June 27, 1953: "These publishers will make vital books available at 50 cents. They will welcome manuscripts which most publishers shy away from . . . and will publish books turned down by other publishers. They will also operate a book club, the Union Book Club, where these books will be available." After this information, nobody can be astonished that it was the same Cameron and Kahn, Inc., which did not "shy away" from publishing the notorious Matusow's *False Witness*.

One would assume that only Communists advertised in the Red press. But this is not the case. Many people are so commercial-minded that they do not care whether they further the Communist cause through advertising in their papers.

Peculiar to foreign-language papers is the fact that one never sees them left in subways or dumped into public wastepaper-baskets. They are always taken home and read carefully by all family members.

If we now assume that at least five persons read each paper, we have the staggering figure of nearly one million persons of foreign birth who, in varying degrees, are exposed to Communist propaganda. Perhaps even more, for the readers are instructed: "When you have read this paper, give it to somebody else — he may learn something from it."

Reading the latest issues of this versatile press one notices big captions . . . MASS DEPORTATIONS SEEN . . . MASS DRIVE AGAINST FOREIGN BORN AMERICANS . . . etc. This excitement can be understood when one learns that in some cases the authorities have discovered that editors of pro-Soviet publications are in this country illegally and have established deportation proceedings against them. Some of the thus "persecuted" are: Moses Rosnikoff of the Jewish *Morgen Freiheit;* Knut Heikkinen of the *Finnish Tymies Eteenpain;* Boris Sklar of *Russky Golos;* and M. Nuk of the *Estonian Uus Ilm*.

Due to these actions, some of the publications, like the *Estonian Uus Ilm* and the Serbian *Novosti* have gone out of circulation. Some of the papers have fewer pages and are now more careful in their language than before. But the majority are just as aggressive and vigorous as ever.

The serious times we are living in call for utmost vigilance and wakefulness. These pro-Communist papers help to keep the spirit of Communism alive here in America. Abroad, they undermine the confidence in us of our badly needed friends. It is perhaps time for us to wake up to the dangerous character of this segment of the foreign-language press.

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# JUNK?

by HENRY W. SCHRAMM

A GUSTY WIND early last November ripped scraps of paper from the shaggy bale in the Montreal-bound truck. They drifted toward the dumps at a Canadian gas station. The owner glanced over them, then took a long second look. The first paper was dated 1808. At the bottom of the close lines of careful script were the signatures of five chiefs of the Onondaga Indians, one of New York State's most powerful tribes. It was addressed to officials in Albany, New York's capital.

He turned to Charles Rhoades, a salesman from Cato, New York, who had just driven up.

"You're a New Yorker. Can you make anything out of this?"

Rhoades scratched his head. "Nope."

The incident might have ended right there except that, by chance, the salesman knew Mrs. Kay Hudson of Jordan, New York, historical writer for a string of weekly newspapers.

"I'll take them to her and see what she thinks," he told the Canadian.

What he didn't know then is that the gust of wind blew the whistle on an incredible "blunder" in Albany. Someone had carted off as junk 88 cases of priceless official historical documents — a whole segment of state history. But it didn't all end up as scrap.

Later developments uncovered the theft of a king's ransom in collectors' items from this haul. Worst of all, certain of the innocent-appearing ancient records are now grist for modern Russian propaganda mills.

U.S. Army monitors in Germany

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have intercepted Russian-language broadcasts blasting "the duplicity of the capitalistic whites" for what they called turning against the friendly American Indians.

Dr. Erl Bates of Cornell University, former adviser on Indian affairs to ex-President Herbert Hoover, says the material for this outburst and a subsequent announcement that "recently received" American Indian documents would be displayed in the State Museum in Red Square, is a direct result of pirating of New York State records.

Some of the papers in the 88-case batch went to London where agents of Amtorg, world-wide Russian trade and procurement agency, bought them on auction. Reports of receipt of the documents were broadcast by the Reds two weeks later.

BUT THE significance of what Rhoades found wasn't realized by New York officials until long after the salesman gave the papers to Mrs. Hudson. She took one look and phoned Richard N. Wright, president of the Onondaga Historical Association in nearby Syracuse.

The next day, the tall gray-haired historian, who admits he let his hobby of history become his life, scrutinized the manuscripts. In the faded handwriting was the story of Indian activities in New York's Mohawk Valley. Other papers, many of them dating to the late eighteenth century, included toll road reports and militia courts-martial proceedings. Each document was addressed to Albany officials. All are irreplaceable material needed by historians and scholars. They belong in library vaults.

As he continued his perusal, Wright's excitement mounted. He telephoned Dr. Albert Corey, official State Historian, and asked what the status of the papers was.

Dr. Corey informed him they were part of a group he inventoried in 1952. He had given no orders to have such papers destroyed, but hadn't heard that anything was wrong, either. The doctor gave no indication of taking further action.

Wright still felt something was amiss. Although he doesn't draw pay for his historical duties, he quit work for several days, bought a ticket, and took the first plane to Montreal near where the documents were last seen.

After settling in his hotel, Wright began checking classified directories. His findings weren't conducive to good sleeping. Montreal is one of the world's largest papermaking centers and 500 plants in the area convert wood pulp and scrap paper. Most of the firms guarantee instant destruction of documents. And the mills are spread all over the vast province of Quebec.

The next morning he phoned a few mills. Wright spoke no French — the Canadians little English. Half an hour of this and the historian

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gave up, rented a car, and drove south to the gas station where the papers had been found. The owner was cooperative, but wasn't sure where the truck was headed. So many trucks pass — how could he tell for sure?

Wright persisted. Somehow "Mont Rolland" stuck in his mind. They checked a directory and found a paper mill did exist near the Laurentian village by that name.

With this one clue, Wright headed his car for the long drive 60 miles past Montreal. It was almost dark as he drove up to the Mont Rolland Company and caught Lanthier Rolland, assistant to the manager, just as he was ready to leave for the night. Yes, he remembered the Albany shipment — it arrived several weeks ago. But there wasn't much use in looking since scrap paper seldom remains unconverted for more than a few days.

However, he introduced Wright to a Monsieur Valliquette and the two men began a search of the plant. When they entered a structure stacked from floor to ceiling with 1,500-pound bales of paper, Wright felt the final pangs of despair.

Meanwhile, Valliquette was talking to a group of gesticulating French-Canadian workers. He returned to Wright.

"They remember papers like you describe being dumped into the beaters for reprocessing. Let's take a look down that way."

They passed down a long row of bales. At the end was a trap door in the floor — last stop before paper loses its identity and becomes a pulpy mass.

The last bale stood 10 feet from the edge. Out of it stuck some weathered papers. Wright had found his documents.

He bought the recovered documents, weighing 262 pounds, for eight dollars from mill officials and then quickly inventoried them, informing Dr. Corey of the contents. Still the state took no official action. It remained for Nathan Miller, a Columbia University graduate student, to discover the loss while looking for research material in the Stratton Building, a converted garage where the 88 cases had been stored with hundreds of less important files.

Finally, official Albany got busy. They sent a team to Mont Rolland and salvaged several hundred more pounds. Special investigators sought to determine why the papers were taken in the first place.

They found the records had been "inadvertently" taken as waste when an Albany scrap dealer was told to pick up some material there. No one knows for sure why the 88 cartons had been set out with the junk. But there is no question that a number of the cases never reached Montreal; they were channeled directly to stamp dealers.

Although there were few valuable cachets or stamps (these have been

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systematically pirated by collectors and dealers' agents for more than 20 years), the documents themselves are worth a minimum of a dollar each. Some, with valuable autographs, are worth a hundred times that amount.

As many as 100,000 of these documents may be circulating around the nation, Wright says, and estimates dealers may have realized up to $100,000 from this one haul. Experts at the National Stamp Show in New York recently reported rich collections of state historical documents and autographs were in evidence — more than at any show in recent years.

State sleuths have already learned the names of several dealers linked to the missing documents, but no legal action has yet been taken.

Among the papers, Dr. Bates listed the Pembroke Treaty between New York State and the Seneca Indians, signed early in the nineteenth century. This compromise restored to the Indians a part of reservation lands which had been granted to them after the Revolutionary War and later taken away.

The Indians signed with "totem marks," similar in appearance to X's, but more meaningful and with different characteristics for each chief. But the Russians chose to take the marks as the equivalent of the cross mark of "an ignorant South Ukrainian." The propagandists were careful to point out to their countrymen that these Senecas had been loyal American soldiers during the War of 1812, but because of their guilelessness, were easy marks for pioneer tricksters.

Meanwhile, back in Syracuse, Wright began levying charges of "criminal carelessness" at the state long before Albany officially recognized the loss. It was disclosed that in 1952 the state library had requested custody of these papers, but the Division of the Budget, under whose jurisdiction the state archives now rests, refused to authorize the transfer.

The Syracuse historian called for construction of adequate archives facilities. The American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Daughters of the American Revolution echoed his complaint with strongly-worded official resolutions.

Politicians have since dusted off plans for a state archives building which had been shelved during World War II.

Meanwhile, Wright still has in his possession the thousands of documents he bought. He's keeping them until New York State guarantees safe storage facilities.

But he has one memory which will linger with him for the rest of his life. The parting comment as he left Mont Rolland was:

"You're lucky. Some of the converting equipment broke down for three days and we just got it fixed. Otherwise . . ."

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# THE *Senator* FROM MOSCOW (IDAHO)

BY HOWARD RUSHMORE

DURING the censure of Joe McCarthy, eggheads of the liberal press overlooked the startling fact that the Senator who led the defense of the Wisconsin anti-Communist was a graduate of a university located in Moscow.

The name's the same, but pronounced differently by the good Westerners who, in 1950, sent Herman Welker to Washington.

Idaho is a rugged state, a stronghold of Western individualism and conservative political thinking. It is no coincidence that Welker asked for, and received, the same Senate seat occupied for more than 30 years by William E. Borah. The late Senator has always been an idol of Welker's and among his most cherished letters is a recent one from Borah's widow which reads, "Every day I am grateful that we had you to represent our Idaho."

Welker also represents a large segment of the American people to whom nationalism isn't an ugly word. Many patriotic organizations have honored the Idaho Senator for his unequivocal fight against the Communists and their camp followers, the Socialists, New Dealers and

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one-worlders. He's in constant demand as a speaker by unreconstructed Republicans from coast to coast, yet on his office wall is a photograph with the inscription, "With devoted friendship, from Harry F. Byrd."

To Welker, the fight for America cuts across party lines. He has only warm praise for James Eastland, the Mississippi Senator who chairs the Internal Security Subcommittee of which the Idaho lawmaker is a member.

"Senator Eastland has been a real bulwark on our committee," Welker says. "And for the past two years every report was signed by all Democrats and Republicans and I hope and trust this unanimous united front against the enemies of our nation will continue."

As an illustration of Welker's typically Western characteristic of honesty before partisanship, he was the only one of the 22 Senators who voted against McCarthy's censureship to criticize President Eisenhower when the latter praised Utah's Arthur Watkins following the vote. "I hardly think," Welker told the press, "it is necessary for the Chief Executive to be warmly congratulating anyone."

A few weeks later, Welker was leading the fight in the Senate for passage of Mr. Eisenhower's Formosan resolution. Friends who know the Idaho solon well say there was nothing erratic in this. "Herman thought the President was wrong on McCarthy and said so. On Formosa, he thought Ike was right."

While praising Mr. Eisenhower in a Lincoln Day speech in San Diego, Welker told the audience: "True, I have had my differences with the President, and I shall no doubt have them in the future. I have never advocated strict, lock-step political conformity as a principle upon which to base a democratic government."

PRIVATELY, Welker yearns for a return "to the old GOP I grew up in. Our party of late has gone too far down the line of the New Deal trend. I'd like to see it united again and strong in the face of the Communist threat."

Unlike some bird-brain politicians and bemused commentators on the Russian scene, Welker has never swallowed the theory of "getting along with the Communists." He says: "I would sooner pick up a rattlesnake from the Idaho sagebrush and embrace it than I would embrace the belief of coexistence with the Reds."

During his years on the Internal Security Subcommittee, Welker has been an aggressive cross-examiner of Communist witnesses and has only contempt for the comrades who crawl behind the Fifth Amendment. "During my career as a lawyer, I defended many men, but I never had a client plead Number Five. Leave that to the Red rats who crawl behind the Constitution only to plan its destruction."

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The Senator, whom *Time* magazine honored by calling "a four-square McCarthyite" is, like Joe, a farm boy who came up the hard way sans finishing schools and Harvard. One of eight children, he was born 49 years ago in Cambridge, Idaho, and worked his way through law school by herding sheep and mining during vacations. He knows the miners and, when elected in 1948 to the state legislature, introduced and fought for a bill to guard the hard-rock workers from silicosis.

At the age of 23, Welker was appointed prosecuting attorney of Washington County and was re-elected twice by the voters. He then launched his own law practice and became one of Idaho's great trial lawyers. To get around his massive state, Welker bought a plane and learned to fly. It is still one of his hobbies and he's logged more than 3,000 hours.

"It's a quick way of getting around," he says, "and you sure get a good view of Idaho."

When World War II came, Welker was offered a commission as an Army lawyer, but he turned it down and enlisted as an Air Corps private. A training accident sent him to the hospital for three months and he was honorably discharged. Then came his one term in the state capitol and his subsequent election to the Senate.

A handsome, driving sort of guy, Welker still demonstrates the cat-like physical quickness that made him an outstanding baseball player during his youth. He still spends his spare time scouting all over Idaho. Several of his "finds" have wound up in major league uniforms. "Never saw a ballplayer who was a Communist," says the Senator.

IN WASHINGTON, he's a man who earns his pay. Usually heading one "task force" of the subcommittee, Welker is also active in three other divisions of the Judiciary committee. He's not a cocktail party goer and lives quietly with his wife, Gladys, and his daughter, Nancy, in a home near that of Vice-President Nixon.

This same home was stoned and several windows broken during Welker's defense of McCarthy. "The rats did it while I was away," the Senator says. "They knew all they might hurt was my wife and my 12-year-old daughter."

Welker's activities as an aggressive anti-Communist, long before the censure vote, stamped him as a foe of the America Last outfits. Undoubtedly Idaho will be flooded with "Herman Must Go" forces in 1956 when he comes up for re-election. Welker ignores such threats and those who know him well realize such warning signals won't stop him. As for the Senator himself: "Whatever the results of my political career," he says, "I hope to be able to say I was an American in a country that has been wonderful to me. And I gave her my best."

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# Justice

BY S. DANILOV

THE NATURE of the "crimes" which lead millions of absolutely innocent people into the "corrective labor colonies" of the Soviet Union is very much variegated. It is as varied as the differences between the "criminals" themselves. I will give you several examples from hundreds prompted by my memory.

It was the year 1932, and we were being convoyed by a military escort of the GPU, which was aided by several specially trained dogs. The convoy commander threateningly warned, "One step to the right or left will be considered an attempt to escape and the men of the escort will shoot without warning." We marched north toward a far distant concentration camp to atone for our nonexistent offenses against the state "that enjoys the best constitution in the whole world."

A group of Kalmucks was also marching with us convicts. There were 17, including five young girls. Born in villages of the Sal steppes, these youths were vigorous, united, full of optimism and, contrary to Soviet practice, well dressed and shod.

At one of the night stops, I had a friendly talk with one of them, a young Kalmuck who happened to be a veterinarian. I found out from him that their whole group was sentenced by the GPU as provided by clause 58, paragraphs: six (spying); seven (intentional property damage); ten (propaganda against Soviet rule); and eleven (groundwork preparation for the overthrow of the Soviet regime by way of propaganda while acting as a group). The measure of punishment was five to ten years in concentration camps.

After completing their education in Yugoslavia, the young men had returned to their fatherland — to their dear Steppes. The young Kalmucks, the veterinarians and zootechnicians (a Soviet term for veterinarian assistants) were compelled to work at the state-owned farms.



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They were accused by the Soviet regime of having artificially created epidemic diseases among cattle as an act of sabotage ("infliction of damage to the proletarian state and the undermining of the country potential"). It is evident that the veterinarians and zootechnicians were as guilty of sabotage as anyone reading these lines. The real story was that the Kolkhoz Department of Studs neglected to provide enough forage and food for the animals.

It was easy to find the "responsible," but by no means guilty, fellows to pay for the Soviet customary "lack of efficiency." At that time, the GPU offices were busily engaged in a purge to clean the country of those who could be suspected of being disloyal to the Soviets. Those Kalmucks once lived and studied abroad; — thus, they must not think in line with the Soviet pattern; and therefore they must be held responsible for sabotage. The GPU is an institution that has had many years of experience: its agents are highly skilled in this business.

A group of 16 and 17-year-old boys was also among those arrested. They were labelled "Hitlerites." Well, what was their misdemeanor?

In one of Hitler's speeches, he had announced: "There is more freedom in a German jail than in Soviet liberty." His speech was broadcast in the Soviet Union and was even quoted in the Soviet press — but with Soviet commentaries.

The boys asked their high school sociology teacher how much of this statement was fact. The teacher answered that it was nothing more than "routine Fascist propaganda" but right there learned who in the class was interested in finding out the truth. That evening, three schoolboys and a girl were arrested by the GPU agents. At GPU headquarters, they were accused of counterrevolution.

I met one of those "Hitlerites" in the labor correction colony. He was a pleasant, fairly well developed boy of 17. He became attached to me and, despite our age differences, we became good friends. Once I asked him how all that had happened. The boy naïvely answered: "In the inquisitor's office they threatened to shoot us if we would not sign a self-accusing document of counter-revolutionary propaganda. Finally we started to cry and signed it. And so we each got three years of confinement in the ITK."

In this same camp, I was impressed by a young man who apparently could hardly bear his confinement. He worked silently, hardly spoke to anyone and avoided contact with the inmates. He seemed buried in himself. He was sentenced to ten years in accordance with the same law mentioned above — the plundering of Socialistic property.

The plundering of Socialistic property consisted of the following:

This lad had worked in a village and was once sent on an official er-

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rand to the Regional Center. As he walked, he passed fields of ripened wheat on both sides of the road. He picked a few spikes to satisfy his hunger and was eating the grains on his way. He was suddenly stopped by a shout of "Halt."

Several kolkhoz children were watching over the crops. (The Soviet authorities organized social outposts to watch the crops — a task generally assigned to school children.) The children started to drag the offender to the village Soviet. A militiaman appeared on the scene. In the village Soviet, the young man was searched and in one of his pockets, they found a few spikes of wheat. For those few spikes, he got ten years in a concentration camp.

ANOTHER inmate had been an art student. One could not help but notice him. He, Gritzko, was a well-built, over-medium-sized lad with pensive gray eyes and bushy hair. Why did he get five years in a concentration camp?

The boy's father owned a small farm where he worked hard with his family from dawn to twilight. As the boy showed great talent, he was sent to the city art school.

Gritzko diligently and lovingly studied up to the day the government of the Soviet Union started the forcible collectivization of the agricultural economy of the country. His father was "deactivated as a kulak." The farm and its equipment was confiscated and the father and the rest of the family were exiled to Siberia. The young man remained in the city and attended school as usual.

Soon, however, the hand of the "defenders of the toiling masses' interests" reached him, too. Someone denounced him as a kulak's son. In school, Gritzko was ordered to fill in a questionnaire. He wrote in everything except the fact that his father and family were exiled to Siberia. Gritzko thought he might be able to save himself as well as his future — in vain. He was taken away by the "black raven." The verdict of the "impartial court of the most free country of the world" was five years of confinement in a correction labor colony. Why? Because Gritzko represented a "foreign class element."

Thus, 17 teen-agers were arrested for "lack of efficiency" when cattle died of starvation in their state-owned farms.

A group of youngsters received three years in a concentration camp for a "criminal" question to find out if the Soviet press printed a true story.

A young man was penalized ten years for a few spikes of wheat.

An artist was sentenced to ten years for neglecting to mention that his father and family were exiled to Siberia.

It's the same old story as in the favorite song of the Kremlin rulers — "I don't know any other country where a man can breathe so freely."

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# SACCAJAWEA OF THE SHOSHONES

*By Louise A. Pringle*

AT THE ENTRANCE to the city park in Portland, Oregon, stands a bronze statue of a young Indian girl. This is Saccajawea, the Bird Woman. Few Americans realize the debt the Pacific Northwest owes this woman, for to her is given credit for four of the stars in our flag.

The saga of Saccajawea's contribution to history is tied in with the greatest exploration of its kind in America — the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which, with her as a guide, successfully pioneered the way across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean.

The Shoshone Indians, living near the summit of the Rockies, alone knew of a secret pass over the Great Divide. They also were the only tribe owning horses, secured in the early years from Spanish traders. When envious neighboring tribes attacked the Shoshones, hoping to take away the horses, the Shoshone braves would ride away out of reach, leaving the women and children behind.

When Saccajawea was 12 years old, the Minnetarres of Dakota descended on her village. As usual, the braves and horses were gone, but they found the little girl picking berries nearby and took her back to their village in the Dakotas where she was offered for sale as a slave. She was a forlorn child, barefoot, with scant clothing, yet there was Shoshone defiance in the look she gave her captors.

She was bought by Toussaint Charbonneau, a character of the lowest level of white civilization, who lived with the Indians and occasionally acted as interpreter and trader. When Saccajawea was 14 years old, he took her as his wife — without benefit of clergy.

Lewis and Clark, with their crew of picked men, left St. Louis in May 1804, and arrived at the Great Bend of the Missouri River late in October. Here, where the Missouri turns abruptly west, was the home of the Minnetarres with whom Saccajawea lived. She was now 16 years old and large with child.

Lewis and Clark made camp there because, with their boats frozen in the ice, they were forced to wait until spring.



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Charbonneau offered his services as an interpreter. They were unimpressed with him, but when he mentioned that his woman was a Shoshone, Lewis immediately became interested.

"When will the child be born?" Lewis asked.

When told February, he arranged for them to move over to the fort, hoping to learn something of the Shoshone language while waiting for the spring thaw.

The young girl looked upon Lewis as one sent to take her back to her own people. Though she would have given anything to please him, she had no words he could understand. Nor could he find words to reassure her.

When Lewis questioned Charbonneau about his marriage and learned there had been no ritual performed, he arranged for a legal marriage for the young woman. This added to her esteem and loyalty for the leader.

When the time came for the birth of her child, she did not find it as easy to have her baby as Indian women usually do. A messenger came from Charbonneau to tell Lewis Saccajawea was likely to die.

Lewis had brought a medical kit equipped for all emergencies except childbirth. One of the Indian braves told him dry snake rattles were supposed to help. Lewis secured some of the powdered rattles, put them in a glass of water and ordered Saccajawea to drink the concoction. She had such faith in Lewis, she drank without question, and in a short time, her baby son was born. He was named Basil, but to the members of the expedition, he was always known as "Pomp."

One crew member, 17-year-old George Shannon, had run away from a comfortable home and good school to join the expedition. Clark suggested he try to teach English to Saccajawea and try also to gain some knowledge of the Shoshone language. This would be of immense aid when they reached her home in the mountains, and should help cement the friendship with the Indians from whom they hoped to purchase horses.

On APRIL 7, 1805, two pirogues and six canoes with 31 adults and a baby, left the shore at the Great Bend and headed for the west.

Most of the crew resented being burdened with a squaw and a baby. Saccajawea, understanding this feeling, did all she could to be useful. Often when they stopped for a rest or for the night, she would take a sharp stick and walk along the banks of the river, searching for the underground roots that were edible and of which only the Indians knew.

The men now began to appreciate her efforts to please. When camp fires were lighted and they were resting after a hard day at the oars, Saccajawea would undress Pomp, then place him on a blanket before the fire. The men crowded around to see the baby kick and roll, pleased

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with the thought that Saccajawea was bringing a bit of domesticity to the evening of a hard day.

But her husband, Charbonneau, never did win a place of friendship or respect with the men. Once in terror, he nearly upset the boat; as it tipped, many precious articles and papers were swept overboard. Saccajawea reached out and rescued most of the medicines and instruments, without which the expedition would have been forced to discontinue the journey. After this incident, Saccajawea was accepted as an honored member of the crew.

As they neared the mountains, she was of great help in directing Lewis and Clark along the right route. As the Missouri grew smaller near its source, other rivers flowing into it were often larger than the Mother Missouri, but Saccajawea always knew the right trail. Really, the river was the only trail and she could always tell which was the true river and which the tributary. She had never forgotten the long, heartbreaking journey away from her own people.

At one time, when they came to the forks of two rivers almost identical, the two captains looked at each other in dismay. "Well, here's where we win or lose," Clark said. "We'd better call Saccajawea."

Without hesitation, Saccajawea said, "The north river will take you to the Blackfeet Indians; the south fork to the Shoshones."

Lewis believed her, but to satisfy the crew, spent five fruitless days exploring both rivers. At last it was decided that the little guide was right.

They had now reached the head of the Missouri where only a small spring showed where the great river had its beginning. Ahead loomed a high wall of mountains that seemed to say: "Thus far, no farther."

Lewis said: "The Louisiana Territory is well fenced in, but destiny has provided us with a little guide to show us the gate."

Here was where they encountered their greatest problem. Without horses, they could not carry their supplies and equipment over the Great Divide to the source of the Columbia River. Horses were near, but held by a tribe of doubtful Indians.

Lewis decided to scout on ahead with a couple of men, leaving Clark with the crew and supplies. Following a faint trail toward the summit, they met three Shoshones. With great diplomacy, Lewis prevailed upon one of them to show them the way to the village. To Lewis' great joy, the trail led over the Great Divide. And the Indians, while suspicious, were also anxious to receive gifts. Lewis promised them more if they would accompany him back to the camp where Clark was waiting.

On arrival there, Chief Commeawait ordered a council. The interpreter called for, Saccajawea came in with eyes downcast and took

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her place on the ground. The Shoshones were amazed, as women had no place in council.

Lewis began his speech, and when Saccajawea raised her eyes to repeat it in Shoshone to the chief, she gave a cry, rushed to him and sobbed in his arms. He was her brother, and, hearing her name, he forgot all else and held his lost sister in his embrace. The parley was postponed till the next day.

Commeawait provided horses and a guide. When at last the day of departure arrived, the question arose in the minds of the leaders — would Saccajawea continue with the expedition or choose to remain with her people?

In her mind there was no question. It was as much her plan to complete the journey as theirs.

THE FIRST headwaters of the Columbia River was the Lemhi River, a small turbulent stream on which no boat or canoe could survive. Traveling was heartbreaking; the mountains rose above the banks of the river; the dense forests of pine, fir and spruce formed a barrier difficult to penetrate. When they reached the head of the Snake River, horses were branded and left behind, and the problem of boats confronted them.

Saccajawea called Lewis' attention to a small grove of arbor vitae trees. She explained through Shannon that this was the wood her people used for canoes and totem poles. Being so hard, it must be burned into shape. Canoes were made by burning hollows in the tree trunks and shaping them with fire. These queer looking craft carried the expedition safely down the Snake into the broad Columbia.

Difficulties continued to harass them, but on November 7, 1805, they went ashore at the mouth of the Columbia River near the Pacific Ocean. At last they had successfully arrived at the end of their journey.

They allowed Saccajawea to choose a site for their fort. Winter was long, but food was plentiful and the sound of the breakers cheered them.

On March 23, 1806, they left Fort Clatsop, homeward bound. Clark offered Saccajawea and Charbonneau every inducement to come to St. Louis. He had learned to love little Pomp and wanted to educate him.

At first the parents refused, but by the time Pomp was ready for school, they were nicely settled in St. Louis under the care of Clark, who was, by then, governor of the Territory.

In 1905, Portland, Oregon, held a centennial world's fair called the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The women of Oregon contributed toward the cost of a bronze statue of Saccajawea, commemorating the 100th anniversary of her help in guiding the expedition.

The statue, placed in the center of the fair grounds, was later moved to Portland's City Park, where it stands today.

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# THE BRONX HOME NEWS

*Recollections of a Newspaperman*

★

*By*
GILBERT CHAMBERS

IN THE LUSTY, gusty 'twenties, I stepped overnight from the cool hauteur of Columbia's School of Journalism to a job on the rowdy, raucous *Bronx Home News*.

In those days, Tammany was plundering New York City on a scale even Tweed in his grave must have envied. The vice squad was going high, wide and ugly. Prohibition was spawning wholesale theft and murder.

From the calm purlieus of an imitation city room in Pulitzer's school for journalists at Columbia (where the pretense extended even to yelling, "Copy!" to non-existent copy boys) I dropped overnight into a maelstrom of furious fun, faking and finagling; into that cultural vacuity, vast and teeming, known as the Borough of the Bronx.

As a school of journalism, the *Bronx Home News* topped Pulitzer's rival academy on several counts. First, the *Bronx Home News* had a net paid circulation of more than 100,000 daily, while even the august, gold-backed New York *Evening Post* of that day had less than half that figure. Second, the *Bronx Home News* paid its students to learn the newspaper business. Third, but not least to many of its younger editorial workers, it furnished more amusement than a four-ring circus with two barrels of monkeys in each ring.

While it did not pay its reporters a living wage, we had a lot of fun, as union printers delighted to remind us. This ranged from high-school horseplay to just observing the weird and wonderful characters who passed endlessly through the *Home News*' editorial jobs, until they drank themselves off the payroll, worked themselves off the payroll or borrowed themselves off the payroll. Most of them were heavy drinkers in those Prohibition days; every other one, it seemed, was writing The Great American Novel.

The *Bronx Home News* had over

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100,000 paid circulation because it went all-out for names. It had six "districts," each with a day and a night reporter to cover socials, politics, churches, schools and clubs, and — *to print names.*

Every day each of six separate editions had its own district page, crammed with names and on Thanksgiving Day, three full pages of names, with home street or avenue, were run under the caption, "What They Are Thankful For." Some reporters liked to see how far they could go with phony personals. One such journalist, perhaps risking his job, wrote: "Tony Zanghi, of Westchester Square — that the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

The first week I put in on the *Bronx Home News* (I started as Night City Editor and gradually worked my way down to the far less strenuous job of rewrite-feature man) a lanky, stooped, gloomy man of about 60, obviously not overfed and wearing a battered sweater with one elbow-hole, used to creep silently around the city room, turning off lights not in use and picking up papers.

"Why doesn't that janitor sweep the butts and copy paper off the floor once in a while?" I asked a reporter in an irritated tone.

"Who — that guy? That's O'Flaherty. He owns this sheet."

Youngsters starting in the newspaper business were subjected to a standard gag on the *Bronx Home News*. Each was rushed down to the 138th Street dock (even told to take an unheard-of taxi) and to 'phone in every bit of information he could get on the excursion steamer burning 100 yards off the dock.

"What boat is it?" the cub would cry, halfway out the door.

"The *General Slocum*. Git goin'. Don't stand there asking dumb questions."

So he would dash to 138th Street, to cover the *General Slocum* fire, which had taken place a quarter-century before.

No downtown newspaper ever established the cozy, intimate *rapport* that existed between the *Bronx Home News* and its readers ("100,000 Daily Guaranteed"). This intimate affection and trust showed in the number, variety and, most of all, the uniqueness of "Letters to the Editor" we received.

One I still have somewhere came from a Hunt's Point reader who delightedly enclosed a harbinger of spring. Telling how he had found it in his icebox (of all places), he had glued to the upper right corner of his letter "the first mosquito of spring in the Bronx."

We got our pay on Friday, so every Friday was drinking night. On the night shift, our clique of six would send me, because I had a motorcycle, down to the Harlem "shack" (a cubby where reporters covering Harlem hung out) for two

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fifths of synthetic gin. The shack's gin was cheap and safe.

When we finished work at 2 A.M., our drinking and talking would begin right in the office. With the building deserted, we usually wound up at dawn.

One of our drinking clique, a young copyreader named Cotter, would then, at 5 A.M., hunt out speakeasies and go home stupefied.

Suddenly, one Friday night, as we collected the "ante" for the gin, Cotter shocked his gathered friends. "Include me out," he announced firmly, amid gasps of incredulity. "My mother told me to get out and stay out when I came home drunk yesterday. So this is it. I'll talk, but — no liquor for me.

"I *gotta* straighten up. Instead of spending two bucks for gin, I'm starting a savings account. I've never saved a nickel in my life, but tomorrow I deposit three dollars. You can start with that, I found out."

And he did. But where did he deposit the first money he had ever in his life saved? In the Bank of the United States. The next Thursday it blew up with a roar that was heard around the nation. It was the first of the Great Depression bank blowups, and Cotter had picked it out of a hundred banks in New York.

Bronxites who came into the office with stories on their activities were a nuisance, but Persons, the city editor, always assigned some rewrite man to take their stories. One woman annoyed me especially, for she came in almost weekly. She was a Mrs. Dobinsky, who spoke English in the Bronx idiom and who had never finished elementary school in her native Russia. She had gathered some neighbors into the "Bronx Browning Literary Society," and they were pursuing culture relentlessly every Tuesday on University Heights. Members had written poetry which was so awful I gracefully refused it lest the writers make fools of themselves.

However, Mrs. Dobinsky, a small, determined woman, persisted in visits which invariably took at least a half hour. Finally I decided I had to be cruel, to put an end to this pest and her "culture" group.

So I wrote what I considered a gem of sarcasm on "a renaissance of literature in the Bronx." I quoted copiously the worst (that took some selecting) of the Browning Society members' poetry. I tore the dear ladies apart.

What happened? Not only were there no complaints, but Mrs. Dobinsky had four members of the "Bronx Browning Literary Society" write letters of fulsome praise for my story to the managing editor. From then on, my fate was sealed. Mrs. Dobinsky was mine, all mine.

No, life was never dull and staff men quickly became inured to the profession of journalism — as practiced on the *Bronx Home News*. I'll always remember my "schooling" there.

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# Shy Young Nightingale from Sweden

BY JOE BOSWELL

THE PLAIN, pale singer from Stockholm believed it wrong to aspire to fame, yet in a series of unbroken triumphs, became a legend in her lifetime. Today, we who can never hear her lovely voice know the magic name of Jenny Lind.

A quiet, kindly young lady, she was, time after time, embarrassed when students unharnessed the horses from her carriage and fought for the honor of pulling it through the streets. She looked like a shy school girl yet was the rage of royalty, critics and composers. Mendelssohn was said to be madly in love with her but she did not approve of Bohemian musicians.

Even at the height of her fame, she could not be persuaded to sing in public in Paris. The French capital shocked her. She regarded it as too immoral, too frivolous and too selfish.

Jenny's career began as a child of nine. One morning a maid of a dancer at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm heard a child singing. She stood entranced at the lovely voice. Then she hastened to tell her mistress. A short time afterwards, Jenny was being taught to sing — at the expense of the government.

The Swedish singer was unlucky in love. Her first fiancé was an opera singer, Julius Grunther. She disapproved of theatrical life and told him he must choose between his career and her. In tears, she broke off the engagement because her lover would not give up the opera.

In England, she fell in love with an army captain who demanded she leave the stage forever. She insisted on deciding her own future and fortune. Her husband-to-be declared this "unscriptural," and heartbroken Jenny was free again.

At this time, P. T. Barnum, the famous American showman, offered her a contract for 100 concerts in America. She accepted. In hall after hall there were seas of waving handkerchiefs and crowds of yelling fans but Jenny really hated it all.

The Swedish Nightingale never did finish the tour. After the 93rd concert, the contract was cancelled by mutual agreement. She continued singing but without the same success.

Life took on a new interest for her when Otto Goldschmidt joined her concert party. Before long, she was completely under the spell of the young German pianist eight years her junior and in 1852 they were married in Boston.

Without a pang of regret, Jenny set up housekeeping in England. She never sang in public again and died at her Malvern Hills home in 1887.



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# I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO YELLOWSTONE

*By John A. Garraty*

ANYONE who reads the papers these days knows that American prestige in Europe isn't what it ought to be. This worries me a great deal. I know it must worry millions of others, too, but my case is different from most, because I'm afraid I'm partly responsible for the whole mess.

Now I didn't mean to make trouble when I went to Europe. In fact, I doubt very much if any tourist in recent years has been as thoroughly indoctrinated about the importance of making a good impression on our allies as I was. I read that article which comes with your passport and learned all about being an Ambassador of Good Will, and I memorized what the guidebooks said about "making allowances," and not bragging about American plumbing. I'm back home now, and if John Foster Dulles knew what I did over there, he'd fire the fellow who issued me a passport.

Don't get me wrong. My record isn't all black by any means. There's a Frenchman in Avignon who probably remembers that I gave him a lift back home from Nîmes when his bike broke down. I'm also pretty sure that waiter in Geneva has a kind thought for the American who tipped him before he had really learned the difference between Swiss and French francs.

But even if I cancel out some of my mistakes and balance the rest off against my good deeds, I'm still left with those two garage men in Venice. Every time I think of them I wish I'd followed my first inclination last April and gone to Yellowstone Park for my vacation. When you hear the story, you'll know why.

If you've ever gone to Venice by automobile you know that you have to leave your car at a big garage on the mainland and enter the city itself by boat. This garage is the biggest and snappiest ever, with winding ramps, ele-

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vators, repair pits, and an organization that must keep a couple of dozen IBM machines operating at top speed. It is really efficient. Cars are pouring in and out constantly, all sizes and shapes. People are loading and unloading baggage, rushing down to the canal to catch the ferry to the city. Yet there are no traffic jams, and the prices for storage and other services are reasonable. That's what makes what I did so bad.

IT ALL BEGAN the day before. The people in the garage got our car stowed away. They even got us a reservation in a hotel in the city, and pointed out the way to where the ferry was docked.

As we stepped out of the garage, a man rushed up to us and took our bag. He wore a sort of uniform featuring a large sign indicating that he was an "official guide," and he spoke perfect English. "Right this way," he said. "I'll put you in an excellent gondola."

Now anyone who goes to Venice wants to ride in a gondola, but it was a beastly hot, muggy afternoon and we had been driving all day. I wanted quick transportation to a cold shower. The gondola could wait. "Can't we go on the ferry?" I asked him.

His face assumed an air of innocent amazement. "The motor boat is very expensive, sir. Five thousand lire per person to the Piazza de San Marco," he said.

"Well, how much is the gondola?"

"Only *3,000* lire for you and your wife, sir," he replied.

For the next half hour, our gondola threaded its way slowly into the heart of Venice. It was steaming hot; there wasn't a breath of air; my chief recollection is of an overpowering smell of seaweed and rotting garbage.

Soon a ferry went cruising by us. It was jammed, but it was moving at a smart clip and the people looked cool. A few minutes later another ferry sped past. Then another. A little later, the first boat went by going in the other direction.

How could that ferry charge 5,000 lire a head, I wondered. Where did all those people, so gay and cool, accumulate that kind of money in a poor country like Italy?

Just before we reached our destination, I found the answer to my problem. A gleaming, mahogany speedboat flashed by conveying three men in Hawaiian sport shirts who were shouting to one another in what was unmistakably American English. That was the "motor" boat. Five thousand lire to the Piazza de San Marco. The ferry, I later discovered, charged 40 lire for the trip.

Finally, pushing through an almost unmanageable crush on one of the side canals, the gondolier brought us up to a narrow alley and told us to get out. He whistled to a young fellow lounging nearby and told him something in rapid Italian. "This boy will take you to your hotel, signor," he said with a smile.

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We followed our new guide to the hotel, which turned out to be about 100 feet from the canal, but cleverly concealed around a corner. The guide surrendered his load to a porter. He was such a little fellow and it was a big bag. I gave him 200 lire. He looked at me, sneered, shrugged his shoulders and walked away muttering to himself. I began to realize that, in Venice, grand larceny had been reduced to a science.

In the lobby of the hotel, we had to wait a moment or two while the *concierge* attended to another guest. Looking about, I saw a large printed sheet attached to a wall. It said, in English, German, French and Italian: "City of Venice: Official Gondola Rates." It took me only a few seconds to find the proper column. "From the garage to the center of the city, for two persons . . . 800 lire." I began to get angry.

Our hotel room was noisy and the food pseudo-American, so the next day after lunch, we departed. We declined a gondola for the return trip to the garage.

A porter was waiting to carry our bag to the ferry. Arriving at the dock, I proceeded to pay him off at the official rate of 200 lire, adding 50 lire in an unaccountable burst of generosity. He looked at me, sneered, and, this time instead of shrugging his shoulders, spat into the canal. As he walked away, I took two steps after him before remembering my international obligations.

At the dock, I explained carefully to the ticket-seller in my best Italian (I had practiced the speech in the hotel) that I wanted two tickets on the "D" boat to the garage.

After a ten-minute wait, a ferry pulled in, but it was an "E" boat, so we passed it by. Finally a "D" appeared. I helped my wife aboard and handed the ticket-taker our tickets. He shook his head vehemently. "Wrong boat, signor." I pointed to the "D" and shouted "Garage" as loud as I could in Italian and English. He was adamant.

Standing on the deserted pier, we considered going into consultation with the ticket-seller, but discarded this idea as impractical. Instead I tried to read the fine print on the tickets. All I could make out was that they were tickets for the "E" boat. At this point, an "E" boat arrived, so I asked the ticket-taker if it went to the garage. He assured me that it did, and we got on. Within a short time I discovered that the only difference between "D's" and "E's" was that "D's" were expresses and "E's" locals. Actually, it didn't matter. Only six "D" boats passed us before we reached the garage.

WELL, maybe all this explains why I did what I did in the garage. The ground floor of the garage is occupied by an elongated oval track, wide enough for two cars along the straightaways, but narrow at the turns. At the end nearest the ferry, there is an exit ramp; at the other extreme is the entrance. The

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whole complicated mechanism of the place depends upon the orderly flow of traffic around this oval. We walked in through a door beside the exit ramp, went up to the cashier's window and paid our bill.

I RODE the elevator to the proper floor, and found my car without difficulty. A man rushed up to wipe the windshield but I shoved the car in gear and pulled away, blasting him from my path with a blare of the horn. Spiraling down a ramp, tires squealing, I lurched into the oval in front of somebody's Citroen, swung around the curve and pulled up next to my wife. I got out, slammed the door, and started around the car to stow the bags and help my wife get in.

Of course, when I did this, the entire machinery of the garage came to a standstill. All during the loading ritual the First Garage Man was pleading with me to move on so that the wheels of his wonderful establishment could start to rotate again. I'm not certain, but I think there were tears in his eyes when I finally opened my door.

The Second Garage Man was basking on a campstool outside the garage entrance, oblivious of what had gone on inside. As I drove down the long straightaway I could see a bold black arrow at the curve ahead, indicating even to the totally illiterate that one was expected to circle back and leave by the exit. But knowing that traffic would be heavy at the other end, I turned out the entrance ramp. Instantly alert, and infused with the universally high morale of the garage staff, the Second Garage Man jumped in front of us.

He explained to me in Italian that I must turn around and go back. I smiled. He explained again, while several cars waited to enter through the blocked ramp. Desperately, he asked me if I understood Italian.

"No cabeesh," I leered.

He tried French, then German.

"No cabeesh." The patient drivers outside began to toot their horns.

With a great effort he controlled himself, and explained what he wanted in sign language.

"No cabeesh," I said, and then, tapping my chest, added, "Touristo." I released the clutch and twisted past him. He muttered something under his breath and I replied with an Italian phrase I had learned years ago in New York. I didn't know the meaning of what I said, but he did. He rushed into the street shouting curses into our exhaust fumes. I waved gayly at him as we drove off.

I'm sorry now. I was sorry that very night as we relaxed in a cool *gasthaus* high in the Tyrol. I was a model Ambassador of Good Will for the remainder of our trip Someday I'm going to look those fellows up and apologize. But that may not be for years. My one forlorn hope meanwhile is that they took me for a Russian.

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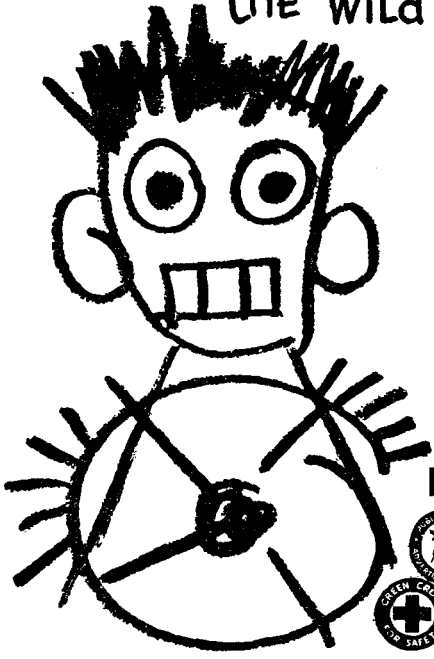
Jimmy's daddy Drives Like the Wild man of Borneo.



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